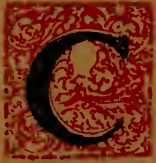


April
1892

TEMPLE BUILDING.

THE



CONTRIBUTOR.
A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



VOLXIII · APRIL · 1892 · No 6

· PUBLISHED · BY · THE ·
· CONTRIBUTOR · CO ·
· SALT · LAKE · CITY · UTAH ·

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

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ESTABLISHED - - 1873.
INCORPORATED - 1888.

Capital, \$200,000.
Surplus, \$200,000.

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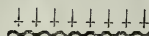
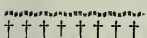
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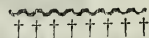
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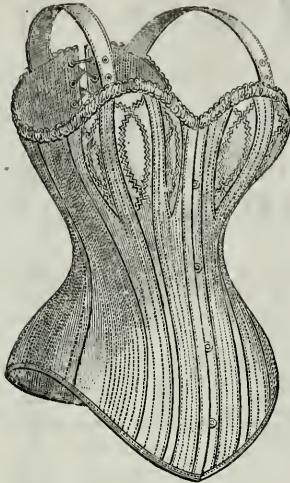
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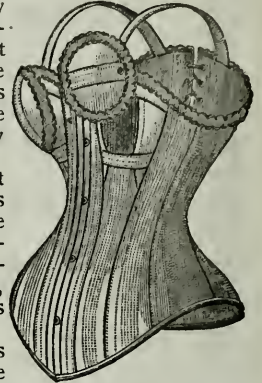
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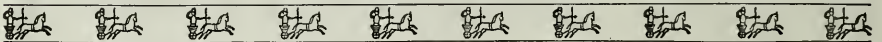


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SALT LAKE CITY

UTAH

The occurrences of late, both locally and nationally, are fraught with much interest to those who keep up with the country's history and progress. Among the most important of these occurrences, nationally, we might name the Home Rule and

bills to help **HAVE** Statehood poor distracted Utah to govern herself.

The speeches of the gentlemen interested in the passage of these bills, as well as those opposed to them, have been read by the public. The bill for the free coinage of silver has been introduced and commented upon. The protestations of the anti-Hill faction have been uttered, the Cleveland Democrats are working, and the Whitney boom looks threatening.

The **YOU** Blaine withdrawal has left Harrison master of the Republican situation

Locally, the discovery of mines and gas wells, the Legislature and its work, the municipal election returns and the distribution of official favors, and the great Democratic and astonishing Republican gains, have kept the public pulse beating abnormally. All these things are of much concern, but our good people should not forget, in this time of sensations and startling social and political

changes that we **HEARD** should have an interest in all home enterprises and should assist in the development of home talents.

These are too varied to be enumerated. We, however, call attention of all who are interested in good solid, home literature to the pleasing changes made in the organ of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations. The introduction of half-tone engravings illustrating our articles was a happy

thought, making the magazine one **THE** of high class and sought after more than ever.

The articles on the Pilgrims are timely, preparing one for an appreciation of the anniversary of the discovery of this country. The magazine has been enlarged and volume thirteen will contain one hundred extra pages, and be improved in every way that the people's patronage will justify. The subscription is two dollars a year. Binding, fifty cents a volume.

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THE MUTUAL LIFE Insurance Company of New York

RICHARD A. MCCURDY, PRESIDENT.

Statement for the year ending December 31, 1891

Assets, - - - - \$159,507,138 68

Reserve on Policies (American Table 4%)	- - - -	\$146,968,322 00
Liabilities other than Reserve,	- - - -	507,849 52
Surplus,	- - - -	12,030,967 16
Receipts from all sources,	- - - -	87,634,734 51
Payments to Policy-holders,	- - - -	18,755,711 86
Risks assumed and renewed,	- - - -	
194,470 policies,	- - - -	607,171,801 00
Risks in force, 225,507 policies, amounting to	- - - -	695,753,461 00

NOTE.—The above statement shows a large increase over the business of 1890 in amount at risk, new business assumed, payments to policy-holders, receipts, assets and surplus; and includes as risks assumed only the number and amount of policies actually issued and paid for in the accounts of the year.

THE ASSETS ARE INVESTED AS FOLLOWS:

Real Estate and Bond & Mortgage Loans,	- - - -	\$81,345,540 40
United States Bonds and other Securities,	- - - -	57,661,455 78
Loans on Collateral Securities,	- - - -	10,223,903 90
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest,	- - - -	5,070,153 00
Interest accrued, Premiums Deferred, etc.,	- - - -	5,206,085 50
	- - - -	\$159,507,138 00

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement and find the same to be correct.

A. N. WATERHOUSE, Auditor.

From the Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

REPORT OF THE EXAMINING COMMITTEE.

Office of The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York,
January 25, 1892.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of this Company, held on the 23d day of December, ultimo, the undersigned were appointed a committee to examine the annual statement for the year ending December 31, 1891, and to verify the same by comparison with the assets of the Company.

The Committee have carefully performed the duty assigned to them and hereby certify that the statement is in all particulars correct, and that the assets specified therein are in possession of the Company.

In making this certificate the Committee bear testimony to the high character of the investments of the Company and express their appreciation of the system, order, and accuracy with which the accounts and vouchers have been kept, and the business in general is transacted.

H. C. VON POST, ROBERT SEWELL,
GEORGE BLISS, J. H. HERRICK,
JULIEN T. DAVIES, D. C. ROBINSON,
JAS. C. HOLDEN.

ROBERT A. GRANNIES, Vice-President.

WALTER R. GILLETTE, - General Manager.
FREDERIC CROMWELL, - - - - - Treasurer.
EMORY McCLINTOCK, - - - - - Actuary.

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45 sold in '88
2,288 sold in '89
6,268 sold in '90
20,049 sold in '91
60,000 will be sold in '92



A Steel Windmill and Steel Tower every 3 minutes.
These figures tell the story of the ever-growing, ever-going, ever-lasting Steel Aermotor. Where one goes others follow, and we "Take the Country." Though sold, we were unable to make all of the 20,049 Aermotors in '91. Orders often waited 2 weeks to be filled, but now we have vastly increased our plant and are prepared promptly to plant our increase in every habitable portion of the globe.

Are you anxious to know how the Aermotor Co. in the 4th year of its existence, came to make many times as many windmills as all other makers combined? How we came to originate the Steel Wheel, the Steel Fixed Tower, the Steel Tilted Tower?

It was commenced in a field in which there had been no improvement for 25 years, and in which there seemed no talent or ambition, and none has yet been shown except in feeble imitation of our inventions.

Before commencing the manufacture, exhaustive scientific investigation and experiments were made by a skilled mechanical engineer, in which over 5,000 dynamometer tests were made on 61 different forms of wheels, propelled by artificial and therefore uniform wind, which settled definitely many questions relating to the proper speed of wheel, the best form, angle, curvature and amount of sail surface, the resistance of air to rotation, obstructions in the wheel, such as heavy wooden arms, obstructions before the wheel, as in the vaneless mill, and many other abstract, though not less important, questions. These investigations proved that the power of the best wind wheels could be doubled, and the AERMOTOR daily demonstrates it has been done.

3d. To the liberal policy of the Aermotor Co., that guarantees its goods satisfactory or pays freight both ways, and to the enormous output of its factory which enables it to furnish the best article at less than the poorest is sold for. For '92 we furnish the most perfect bearings ever put in a windmill, and have made an exhaustive revision of the Aermotor and Towers.

If you want a strong, stiff, Steel Fixed Tower—or if you want the tower you don't have to climb (the Steel Tilted Tower) and the Wheel that runs when all others stand still, that costs you less than wood and lasts ten times as long (The Steel Aermotor) or if you want a Geared Aermotor to churn, grind, cut feed, pump water, turn grindstone and saw wood, that does the work of 4 horses at the cost of one (\$100), write for copiously illustrated printed matter, showing every conceivable phase of windmill construction and work, to the AERMOTOR CO., 12th and Roosevelt Sts., Chicago, or 27 and 29 Beale St., San Francisco.

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 It is not enough to make portions of a wheel of galvanized metal, that the entire wheel is galvanized after being completed, thus absolutely protected from rust and decay.



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 Sad and sore your lot
 For your dainty faces
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 With its wire gauze door,
 Dusky little maidens
 You shall be, no more.

For Sale by Z. C. M. I., Sole Agents for Utah.

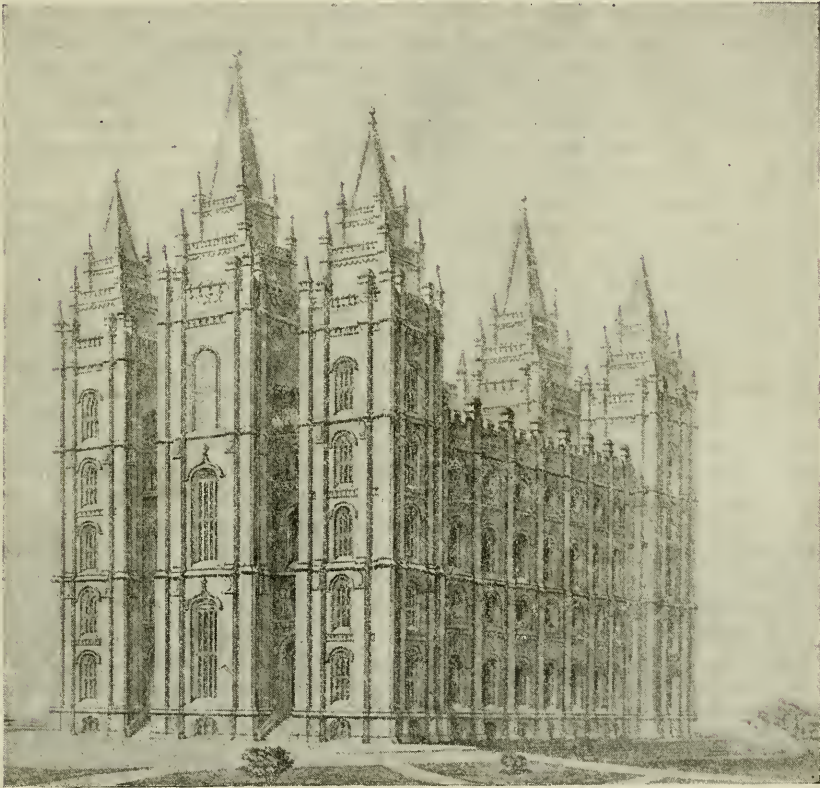
THE CONTRIBUTOR.

VOL. XIII.

APRIL, 1892.

No. 6.

TEMPLE BUILDING.



SALT LAKE TEMPLE. (FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING.)

"This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes."—*Scripture.*

THE drift of this age is materialistic; the triumphs of science are of the mammoth order, mainly; the Eiffel Tower, the bridging of the Firth of Forth, the New York Statue of Liberty, the Exhibition Buildings in Chicago, lofty blocks of dwellings made habitable by electric lifts, lights and sanitary regulations; tunneling

under rivers, through mountains and below arms of the sea; immense railroad schemes, electric travel, and pneumatic tubes tell of mental and scientific mastery over the elements, and the utilization of discoveries, which but a little while ago would have suggested human alliance with the Evil One, and not unlikely given to those most prominent, all the "pains and penalties" known to

superstition, ignorance and intolerance. Surely these would have been meted out, where modern man has really ceased to marvel, nay, to accept with more than Indian stolidity, these trophies of the wizard change.

Few, however, have noted how curiously and interestingly coincident this era was with the manifestations of spirit communion through the Prophet Joseph Smith; the opened heavens, which gave illumination to him in regard to man's relationship with God and Jesus Christ, including the restoration of the Priesthood and revelation of the Gospel, also gave and continued from spiritual sources, to susceptible if not prepared individuals, that wonderful grasp on material things which is all evidently preparatory to the "bringing in of the latter-day glory," and the establishment of that Zion so long predicted of the prophets, and anticipated of all the seers from the beginning even until now!

The possibility and practicability of revelation, of intelligence coming to man from beings not yet clad in flesh, or from those who had passed the gates of the resurrection, was enough, if unprevented of fanaticism and ignorance, to have given immortality to the revealer; but this fact in and of itself was only the prelude to the revelation of that finally systematized theology, the value of which has scarcely dawned upon the world, yet to which all the achievements of science are so far secondary and tributary, that they would all perish in the using, save for that alliance which in the Kingdom of our God and His Christ will give them permanence and utility for ever.

Three years only of practical public life were allotted to Jesus of Nazareth, in which to elucidate and establish the Gospel; Joseph, the leader and head of this dispensation under Christ, had that period five times multiplied, as if to emphasize beyond all others, the absolute "fulness of times." Israel had been, when Jesus taught, for four hundred years without a recognized Shekinah, without the word of the Lord; but tradition as to a glorious past was nevertheless vivid; nay, the fires of anticipation

still smouldered, and would have been rekindled to more than ancient brilliancy, had they not rejected the Deliverer "who was to come;" then darkness like unto that of Egypt supervened, and for nearly two thousand years after Calvary, the prophets and seers "were covered," so that longer time was surely needed to "set in order the House of God," and give "the fulness" of the Gospel once again to man.

It was naturally evident to all the early believers in original Christianity, as well as to those who accepted the divine mission of Joseph Smith, that if the Gospel was an everlasting one—an eternal order; if salvation was involved in it and reached through it, vast myriads of the human family had lived and died without it; they had neither listened to its oracles or felt its potency, and yet somewhere within its legitimate range, provision must exist for its proclamation, reception and power.

The modern world had heard of purgatory, but this had been repudiated as Popery. Protestantism declared that "as a tree falls so it lies," and that there was no redemption in the grave; the first was a condition of expiation, the latter a condition unalterable and irremediable by virtue of divine decree. Neither was right! Inspirational rendering of the New Testament demonstrated that "the Gospel was preached to the dead," and new revelation covered, by vicarious work, the ignorance and impossibilities of men and conditions, and so Temple building became an absolute necessity to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

In the morning of its history, ere the clouds of tradition and sectarianism had begun to roll away, it was seen that here was a work that had in it all the elements of Divine wisdom, forbearance, justice and judgment. Thus was prefigured all the loftiest attributes of Deity in harmonious combination and action, and their absolute provision for every erring son of earth, whether of the living or the dead. The Church had been organized but a little over a year, when this marvelous project received its first mighty impetus

from the Prophet himself. How much thought had been given to it we need not inquire; none need doubt but that that inspirational energy which, on April 6th, 1830, had organized the Church, also led to the dedication of the land of Zion in Jackson County, Missouri, on the second day of August, 1831, and on the day following to a special dedication of "the Temple site."

So far as we know, from any record, no such dedication had taken place on the earth since David the king of Israel brought the Ark into Jerusalem one thousand and forty-two years before Christ; and yet Temple building must have had its history in connection with the children of Israel, even when they were in subjection to Egypt, or what should we infer from "the word of the Lord" which Nathan sent to David, "whereas I have not dwelt in any house since the time that I brought up the children of Israel out of Egypt;" and how can the world explain the existence of Temples and Priesthood in Egypt and all lands not of Israel, save by admitting that these were perversions or counterfeits of that which had existed from the beginning, among the people of God? And may we not believe that as Abraham and his predecessors had the Gospel, as the people of Enoch were perfected by revelation, and as Moses held the Melchisedek Priesthood, had his Seventies and Elders, baptized a mighty people "in the cloud and in the sea," there is no need of straining, or any assumption in the inference, that Temple building was familiar in the days of yore, to those worthies of sacred history whose names religionists revere?

But few of our youth are familiar with these pregnant parts of sacred history, and only few have read the details of that great plan or plot given the Prophet for "the City of Zion" and submitted to the brethren there on the twenty-fifth of June, 1833, and which is doubtless now in the archives of the Church, waiting the return of the faithful who will in the due time of the Lord gather there and build up the Center Stake, including that grand Temple to which the Savior will surely

come, that one which will possess the visible insignia of divine approbation and acceptance in the glory that shall rest upon it and upon all the dwelling places of Zion. (See *Millennial Star*, Vol. 14, page 438.) However magnificent this plan, it was soon evident that these sacred temples were not to be confined to one locality, so we find that the corner stones of the Temple in Kirtland were laid, July 23rd, 1833, and by the energy of the Saints, under the stimulus of the Prophet, in less than three years afterward it was dedicated, with appropriate ceremonies, and such spiritual manifestations as have had no repetition or parallel to this date. Nor does it seem surprising that such should be the case, for in the midst of poverty, travel and persecution, the few Saints by sacrifice had laid \$50,000.00 upon this structure; Joseph the Prophet, Brigham Young, and other faithful Elders had worked in the stone quarries and on the building in obedience to the commandment and in anticipation of the blessings to be conferred in such a house; nor was their integrity or faith betrayed, for everything testified to the Divine acceptance of this the labor of their hands.

The spirit of revelation and prophecy was poured out upon the people, many had visions, angels administered unto some, the gift of tongues was enjoyed; to Joseph Smith and others the Savior was manifested in open vision, and so, for many days, the Saints rejoiced before the Lord; endowments, ordinations and ordinances were the order of the day, and from this House went the Twelve Apostles everywhere preaching the great things of the Kingdom of God. The incidents and experiences of the Saints on this special occasion, seem to have created unwonted animosity on the part of the spiritual forces of the Evil One, and those who were susceptible to their influences were made the instruments by which to frustrate whatever was involved in this labor. The same spirit which prevented progress in "the Center Stake," worked in Kirtland and also in Far West, where ground was dedicated July 2, 1837, and the foundation

stones laid July 4, 1838, yet further effort had to be suspended in both places until that day when the Saints shall "return and build up the waste places of Zion" by power. What a training the Saints had to, or did receive from the hand of persecution! Could faith have been destroyed and knowledge erased from honest consciousness, it would surely have been done, although persecution increased in intensity until many laid down their lives upon the altar, and then finally and consequently there was quite an exodus from those localities where suffering had been the rule, to the State of Illinois, where the powers and faith of the people seemed almost to laugh at past calamity; for, in a few brief days, so to speak, the wilderness was turned into a fruitful field, and soon the Temple loomed again, more majestic, more costly, more significant than before.

The people really enjoyed a day of peace, they had some sympathy for a moment, and as far as legislation could give them welcome and prosperity, it was theirs, and so with a better appreciation of Temple building, with some experience and greater inference of increased power, the Saints with undaunted hearts and willing hands, in faith once more began their sacrifice and toil.

Agreeable to a revelation given January 14, 1841, the corner stones of the Nauvoo Temple were laid April 6th, of the same year; with increased inspiration and knowledge vouchsafed to the Prophet and Church, this differed in design from the one, or all which had preceded it.

The Church was more fully organized, baptism for the dead had been revealed, thus making more apparent the necessity for a font, and the work went bravely on, and yet the more decided this became, the more close and ominous became the mutterings of the enemy; every effort was made to capture the Prophet, and earth and hell began to move against the doomed but sacred city of Nauvoo. On November 8, 1841, the baptismal font was dedicated, and ordinances administered, while lawsuit after lawsuit had been and were still forced upon the people and the Prophet; besides the imperative necessity of preaching the Gospel seemed to draw

away quite an amount of the available strength of Israel. The spirit of war and bloodshed now began to show itself more openly and yet more daringly; internal enemies fanned the outer flame, and other complications prophesied of disaster and fatality; requisition was made by the Governor of Missouri for Joseph upon the Executive of Illinois. This for a time was legally frustrated, until finally for so-called local offences, under the pledged honor of the State, Joseph surrendered, and speedily he in connection with his brother Hyrum found refuge from his tormentors in a martyr's grave. His testimony thus became of force and will so remain until judgement is meted out by that court, to which appeal was immediately and righteously made.

While the shock fell like lightning upon the people, it was but a momentary triumph to the enemy, and on the return of the Twelve, the Temple proceeded unfalteringly to its completion, although the workmen upon its walls had to labor as had been done on the Kirtland Temple, with their weapons of defense at hand. Then its massive proportions began to loom up like a beacon to the nations, to the astonishment of both friend and foe, although the thirst for plunder, blood, and death, was not satisfied, and it soon became evident that another move was on the tapis which was to far excel all movements of the past. The Temple was partially dedicated on the thirtieth of November, 1845; in the following February, the people, mid howling winds and wintry weather, began that marvelous exodus which meant a final effort for life and safety, amid the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains.

After a few more weeks of labor, anxiety, and terrible suffering on the part of those who were unprepared to leave, the Temple was finally completed and dedicated April 30th and May 31st, 1846; there it stood for awhile in its primitive purity and glory, giving mute but eloquent testimony that the fleeing Saints had honored the commandment, and that God had accepted their offering and sacrifice by conferring all blessings so far as needed, while hell, relentless, said

the time had come; and so with lingering look on this great labor of love, on their homes and farms, the last faithful Saints had fled, and the future of the "City of Joseph" was thence subject to the enemy; now pillage and desecration ran riot, and blocks of the Temple were scattered into many States. Meanwhile even the stormy elements seemed to protest against the desecration, when finally, on the nineteenth of November, 1848, the torch of the incendiary threw down the smouldering ruins to the outraged yet consecrated ground.

It is not necessary to depict or follow the fugitive Saints under their lion-hearted leader, Brigham Young, or to recount the names even of those, who, worn out of watching and suffering, lined the route across Iowa, and all the tedious trail from thence to these secluded valleys; history hath enshrined a thousand details which else would have passed into oblivion, and probably been denied as unlikely or impossible in a free land, and amid a Christian people in the nineteenth century of our boasted era.

The second season after this compulsory exodus, the Pioneers debouched from the almost impassable cañon into these valleys, July 24th, 1847, and yet four days only elapsed ere President Young (with that tenacity of purpose which marked the man) had driven a stake into the parched and sterile soil, saying as he did so, "Here will the Temple of our God be built," and the same day in council, ten acres was determined upon as adequate for that purpose, and this city was laid out from that center nearly on the pattern of the City of Zion, Jackson County, Missouri. It was not until April, 1851, that the people voted for the building of that Temple, and not until February 14th, 1853, just seven years from the day that President Young left Nauvoo, that the ground was dedicated and broken; yet so eagerly was the labor performed that April 6th of the same year saw the corner stone laid with such Priestly order and ceremony as exhibited the importance of the work on hand. While the foundation was being laid, opinions varied as to the material

for the superstructure; granite being finally determined upon, for this appeared to be more in keeping with the design which had then nearly been matured; nevertheless there was a foreshadowing of time needed, when, in addition to the style of architecture, President Young said as the foundation stones were being laid, "the railroad must be completed before we can do much toward this." Boating by canal was suggested, wooden rails on the banks of the canal were discussed; by and by came the railroad itself, and its utility never was demonstrated in a grander work than in the hauling of stone for this now magnificent Temple of God. Yet it was a mighty stretch of faith which determined at that early date the construction of a Temple likely to cost three to four million of dollars, when the population of Utah was not more than 30,000 souls, but the Saints everywhere possessed the spirit, for contributions from "all the churches" were the testimony to the inspiration of this grand authoritative decision.

To be sure some criticism has followed what was thought to be an undue delay as to the building, but a little reflection will demonstrate that many advantages are consequent upon this feature of deferred completion. First came the railroad, then, as the walls rose to the square, came also available scientific methods of heating, lighting and sanitary arrangements, such as would have seemed impossible years ago; indeed we do not know of a single desirable improvement so far as the exterior is concerned, unless it is that the whole surface might as well have been polished with the facilities of water power so ready to hand.

No doubt the experiences had in building the Temples in St. George, Manti and Logan, have had an educational result upon the builders, and so may have been modified the interior arrangements of this edifice which as yet should and does excel all others, both in its interior and in its exterior also.

During the progress of the Temple in the Capitol of Utah the outposts of the Territory have had the privilege of engaging in Temple building for themselves,

and for the furtherance of the work of God. St. George, as most of our readers well know, is just north of the borders of Arizona, and strangely enough in the land of the cactus and the ooze, of turbulent waters and blistering sand, far from facilities and from the headquarters of the Church, yet this blessing came to as devoted a colony of Latter-day Saints as ever made duty the paramount object of life! It was a great day, the ninth of November, 1871, when the ground was broken and consecrated in the desert for this undoubted labor of love; on the first day of January, 1877, a partial dedication was made, then on the sixth of April following, the full work was consummated and a general conference held therein, somewhere near about thirty years since the dedication in Nauvoo.

Work in this Temple has been remarkably continuous since this auspicious event, and statistics, as furnished from time to time, bear witness to the vast labor and blessing which has been done by the living for the dead.

In Logan, the chief city in the beautiful northern valley of Cache, ground was broken for a Temple on the eighteenth of May, 1877, the corner stones were laid September 17th of the same year, and on May 17th, 1884, the dedication took place, and for the accommodation of the interested multitude the exercises were repeated twice on following days.

Following this and partially parallel with it, was the dedication of the site for a Temple in Manti as the central city of Utah. This occurred on the twenty-fourth of April, 1877, the corner stones were laid April 11th, 1879, and on May 11th, 1888, this House of God received its dedication, and many testified to great manifestations of a spiritual character; evidently the labors of His servants and handmaidens were accepted of God, and the Saints in that section have been signally enriched and strengthened in their most holy faith.

While these Temples were being erected by the faith and liberality of the Saints, they were yet considered as secondary to the Salt Lake Temple,

which was the first begun here, and toward which for many years they more decidedly looked as the one depicted of the Prophet under the character of "the House of the Lord in the tops of the mountains."

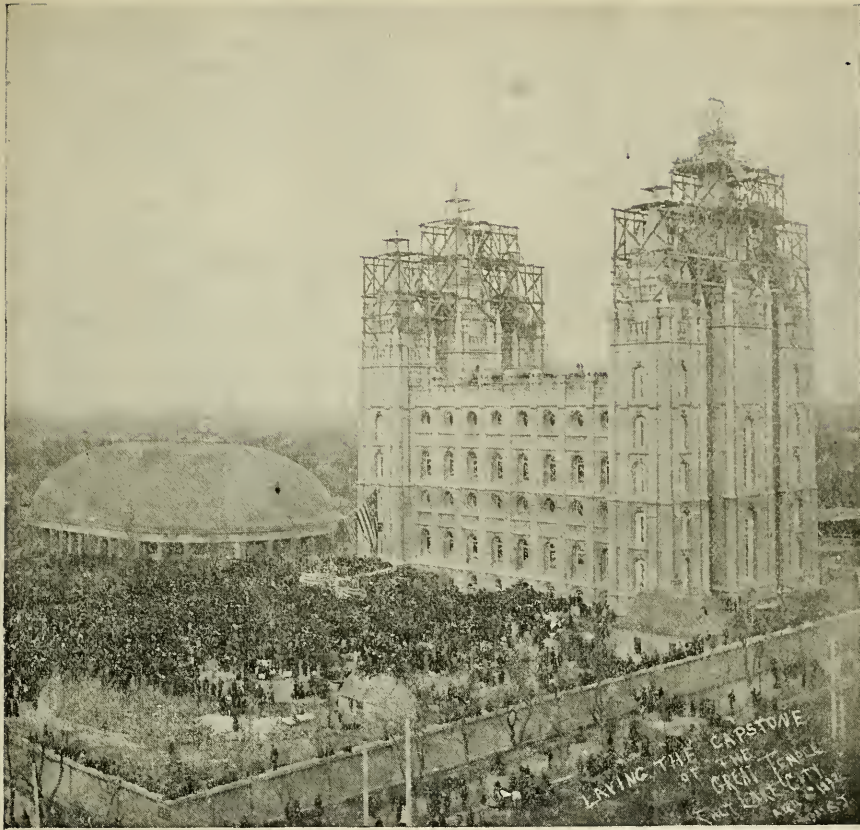
As this began to near completion externally, there was an increasing desire to complete it entirely, which took authoritative form at the October conference of 1891, and April 6th, 1892, was looked for more ardently, probably, than to any late event in connection with the Church, it having been determined that on that date the Capstone should be laid with such honor and ceremony as the Spirit might direct.

Salt Lake City became full to overflowing; the railroads brought the people from far and near, and the Saints bid the visitors welcome; every home had received its quota during the preceding days of Conference, but on the sixth it was estimated that not less than fifty thousand persons were engaged in or were on the near streets, seeking to witness the exercises of the day.

The stone was raised and held in position until, on a given signal, President Woodruff touched an electric button, when it promptly settled to its appointed place, covering a prepared receptacle which contained all the Church works, and other mementoes, including the names of the authorities present when the foundations were laid and those present when the capstone was placed in its position.

The weather had been unusually forbidding for some time prior to Conference, and it had been found impracticable to place the finials upon their respective summits, but on the evening of Saturday previous, the central western ball received its crowning finish, which came into position towards evening, unwrapped to preserve its gilding. As the workman hurried it to completion and the cover fell away, the sun broke from behind the watery clouds and its reflected fires flashed from the burnished spire and then as suddenly passed away. While the continuous rain did not seem to deter the Conference visitors, special supplication was made

TEMPLE BUILDING.



in the great congregation that the time might be propitious for the exercises of the sixth, and the heavens surely answered that prayer, and the congregated thousands enjoyed the outpouring of that Spirit which is not of man but by the will of God.

Platforms for the presiding authorities and the choir had been erected on the southern side of the great edifice, and as the Priesthood filed into their respective places the tension of feeling was strained almost beyond endurance, or found vent in tears. The following order was preserved so far as was practicable owing to the pressure of the multitude, who surged to and fro in vain endeavor to reach the nearest vantage ground for seeing and hearing:

- First Presidency,
- The Twelve Apostles,
- Presiding Patriarch and Patriarchs,
- First Seven Presidents of Seventies,

- Presidents of Stakes and their Counselors,
- High Councilors,
- Seventies,
- High Priests,
- Elders,
- Presiding Bishops,
- Bishops and Counselors,
- Priests, Teachers, and Deacons.

The scene was now quite animated, but the mass of human beings became more steady as they settled to the situation, then there rolled over the murmur of thousands of voices in conversation, some admiringly critical, or speculating upon the completion of the building; others telling of the incidents of the great day when the foundation was laid; here one or two exultingly rehearsing their many years of labor on the block, and an odd one here and there proudly telling all within range that they were in Nauvoo or Kirtland, as the case might be, when the melody of Held's Band, in

"Hail Columbia" and "Capstone March", subdued to silence and expectancy the now crushed and perspiring throng; then came the reading of the program by President Cannon, and presently from the Tabernacle Choir the "Temple Anthem" composed by Professor Evan Stephens, floated out upon the air:

Glorious God, Eternal Father,
 In the name of Christ we pray,
 Thou wilt bless us with Thy presence,
 While this crowning stone we lay;
 Let Thy favor rest upon it,
 Let Thy hand protect these tow'rs
 May Thy peace brood o'er this Temple,
 It is Thine, O Lord, not ours.

CHORUS.

Glory, glory, hallelujah,
 Heav'n and earth and angels sing,
 Choirs celestial join the chorus,
 Praise Him, Christ our King.

Shout hosannas, shout hosannas,
 Glory be to God our head,
 For His everlasting mercies
 To the living and the dead.
 Joy now reigns where once was sadness
 'Midst the prison's dreadful gloom,
 Millions hail with joy and gladness
 Victory over hell and tomb!

Sound throughout His vast creations,
 All His wondrous heavenly host,
 Glory be to God the Father,
 Jesus Christ and Holy Ghost;
 Sing ye bright seraphic legions
 Loud as thunder in the sky,
 Pealing through celestial regions,
 Glory be to God on high!

When its last notes of praise had died away, President George Q. Cannon exhibited to the immense concourse of people a polished copper plate (engraved by David McKenzie) inscribed as follows:

"HOLINESS TO THE LORD."

THE TEMPLE BLOCK CONSECRATED AND GROUND BROKEN FOR THE FOUNDATION OF THIS TEMPLE, FEBRUARY 14TH, 1853.

THE CORNER STONES WERE LAID APRIL 6TH, 1853, COMMENCING AT THE SOUTHEAST CORNER.

GENERAL CHURCH AUTHORITIES:

April 6, 1853.

FIRST PRESIDENCY.

Brigham Young,
 Heber C. Kimball, Willard Richards.

TWELVE APOSTLES.

Orson Hyde, Amasa Lyman,
 Parley P. Pratt, Ezra T. Benson,
 Orson Pratt, Charles C. Rich,
 Wilford Woodruff, Lorenzo Snow,
 John Taylor, Erastus Snow,
 George A. Smith, Franklin D. Richards.

PATRIARCH TO THE CHURCH.

John Smith, son of Asahel.

FIRST SEVEN PRESIDENTS OF SEVENTIES.

Joseph Young, Zera Pulsipher,
 Levi W. Hancock, A. P. Rockwood,
 Henry Herriman, Jedediah M. Grant.
 Benjamin L. Clapp,

PRESIDING BISHOP.

Edward Hunter.

T. O. Angell, Jos. D. C. Young, Architects.

THE CAPSTONE WAS LAID APRIL 6TH, 1892, BY PRESIDENT WILFORD WOODRUFF.

April 6, 1892.

FIRST PRESIDENCY.

Wilford Woodruff,
 George Q. Cannon, Joseph F. Smith.

TWELVE APOSTLES.

Lorenzo Snow, Franklin D. Richards,
 Brigham Young, Moses Thatcher,
 Francis M. Lyman, John Henry Smith,
 George Teasdale, Heber J. Grant,
 John W. Taylor, Mariner W. Merrill,
 Anthon H. Lund, Abraham H. Cannon.

PATRIARCH OF THE CHURCH.

John Smith, son of Hyrum.

FIRST SEVEN PRESIDENTS OF SEVENTIES.

Jacob Gates, Seymour B. Young,
 C. D. Fjeldsted, John Morgan,
 B. H. Roberts, George Reynolds,
 Jonathan G. Kimball.

PRESIDING BISHOP.

William B. Preston,
 Robert T. Burton, John R. Winder, Counselors.

President Cannon then announced that this plate would be laid in the capstone, together with the following articles:

Book of Mormon, Book of Doctrine and Covenants, Voice of Warning, Spencer's Letters, Key to Theology, Hymn Book, Bible, Compendium, Pearl of Great Price, and some other books, also photographs of Joseph and Hyrum Smith, Brigham Young, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, George Q. Cannon, and Joseph F. Smith, and a photograph of the Salt Lake Temple as it now stands, etc.



CAPSTONE
READY TO BE
LAID.

President Joseph F. Smith advanced and delivered the following prayer amid that hush and devotional attention, such as is uncommon in the open air:

O God, our Heavenly Father, we desire to draw near unto Thee at this moment and offer unto Thee the gratitude of our hearts for this pleasant and blessed opportunity that we enjoy of assembling ourselves together on this the sixty-second anniversary of the organization of Thy Church on the earth in the dispensation of the fulness of times. We thank Thee that on this occasion we are permitted and privileged to lay the cap-stone of this building which we have been permitted to erect thus far unto the name of God, our Father in Heaven. And we pray Thee, O Father, in the name of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, that Thou wilt behold us in mercy on this occasion, and accept of our dedication of ourselves, of our labors, of all that we have and are upon the earth, unto Thee, the Lord, our God; for we desire to be Thine, and we desire that Thou wilt accept of us and acknowledge us as Thy children and that we may feel in our hearts that our lives and our course of action are acceptable unto Thee. We feel, Heavenly Father, to dedicate unto Thee at this time the capstone of this Temple. That we are permitted to lay it this day, we are grateful to Thee, and thus finish the laying of the stones of this building, which has been for thirty-nine years in the course of its erection. We thank Thee for the privilege. We pray Thee to sanctify this service to our good. May it go down in the memories of those that are assembled here, and may it be retained in the memories of the young—the children that are here in our midst—that they may carry it to their latest day. We thank Thee that there are a few of us here that were privileged to behold the laying of the cor-

ner stones of this building, and that thou hast preserved us through years that have passed and brought us to this present time under so favorable circumstances as those which surround us. Bless this vast congregation of people; pour out Thy Holy Spirit upon them; may they have the Spirit of God to dwell in their hearts; and may the love of truth actuate them in all that they do from this time forth and forever. Bless the workmen that have labored upon this Temple; bless those that shall be immediately engaged in laying the capstone; bless Thine aged servant President Woodruff, and sanctify to him the honor which is due unto him, O God, of laying this capstone by the instrumentality of electricity, that great agency, the discovery of which has been granted unto the people of this generation.

We ask Thee, Heavenly Father, now to accept of us, and to accept of our services, for all that we do we desire to do in Thy name, and to Thy name's honor and glory and to our salvation. We dedicate ourselves unto Thee. Accept of us we pray Thee, and sanctify unto us every dispensation of Thy providence, and help us to see and acknowledge Thy hand cheerfully in all things.

All of which we ask in the name of Jesus Christ, our Redeemer, Amen.

The choir sang:

Grant us peace.

Architect Joseph Don Carlos Young shouted from the top of the Temple:

"The capstone is now ready to be laid."

President Woodruff stepped to the front of the platform and said:

"Attention, all ye house of Israel and all ye nations of the earth. We will now lay the top-stone of the Temple of our God, the foundation of which was laid and dedicated by the Prophet, Seer and Revelator, Brigham Young."

President Woodruff then pressed the button, thus opening an electric current to a contrivance connected with the capstone, the latter being thus released and placed in position.



CAPSTONE
IN POSITION.

When this was done the immense concourse of people led by President Lorenzo Snow, joined in shouting in concert the grand "Hosanna:"

"Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna to God and the Lamb, Amen, Amen, Amen."

This was done three times, each shout

being accompanied by a waving of handkerchiefs, except when the names of God and the Lamb were uttered.

The spectacle and effect of this united demonstration was grand beyond description, the emotions of the multitude being stirred up by it to the greatest intensity of devotion and enthusiasm.

The choir and congregation sang:

The Spirit of God like a fire is burning,

The Salt Lake Union Glee Club then sang "The Temple Ode:"

All hail this glorious day,
This grand, auspicious day.

The vales resound, the mountains ring,
The capstone on the Temple bring,
With gladsome peal, united sing,
Of Truth's still widening way.

The time is near at hand,
When Christ shall come and claim His own,
And mid His Saints erect that throne
Which on the earth must stand.

All hail that glorious day!
The shadows melt away;
The skies are bright,
Soon truth and right

Shall come to earth from Zion's light,
And man redeemed at last shall shine,
In Father's image, all divine.

Apostle Francis M. Lyman said: Six months ago—it was last October—President Woodruff expressed in a council of the Presidency of the Church and the presiding authorities of the Stakes and Wards, that he desired to live to see the dedication of this Temple. It was the feeling in the hearts of the brethren present that an effort should be made to accomplish that work. Next April it will be just forty years from the time of the laying of the corner-stones, and I have a resolution to offer to assembled Israel to-day, which embraces the ground covered by a resolution suggested by our Brother, Willard Young:

Believing that the instructions of President Woodruff, respecting the early completion of the Salt Lake Temple, is the word of the Lord unto us, I propose that this assemblage pledge themselves, collectively and individually, to furnish, as fast as it may be needed, all the money that may be required to complete the Temple at the earliest time possible, so that the dedication may take place on April 6th, 1893.

The resolution was put to the meeting,

that it might receive the endorsement of all Israel. The result was a deafening shout of "ayes" from the assembled host.

Brother Lyman then stated that he would head a subscription list with a donation of one thousand dollars to aid in the attainment of the object expressed in the resolution.

Music by the band.

Closing anthem by the Tabernacle Choir—"Song of the Redeemed," composed by Evan Stephens.

President George Q. Cannon then pronounced the benediction as follows:

O God, our Eternal Father, accept all our proceedings this day. Let Thy blessings descend upon this people and upon all that we have done, and grant that the Holy Ghost may rest down upon every one of us, and upon all the honest in heart everywhere. Bless this entire people from north to south and from east to west, and the honest in heart throughout the earth, which we ask in the name of Jesus, beseeching Thee to dismiss us with Thy peace, in His name. Amen.

With a consideration which was admirable, no speeches were delivered, music and singing occupying the most of the time, all of which was appropriate and telling from the Capstone March composed by C. J. Thomas, and rendered by Held's Band in grand style, through each anthem, the words of the first, as already stated, being by Brother C. L. Walker, of St. George, and the music for both by Professor Evan Stephens, and the exultant acme was reached when the Glee Club, sixteen in number, burst out in the ringing words, "All hail this glorious day;" Professor C. J. Thomas conducting to his own music, the words by H. W. Naisbitt.

So ended one, if not the most important the most significant and suggestive, of many dramatic experiences which have marked the history of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and one which can hardly by any possibility be repeated; even the dedication services will lack that *esprit* which was only admissible and depended upon the united enthusiasm of the teeming thousands visible in every direction from the central stand, in fact reaching far beyond sight or hearing, yet all susceptible to that divine influence

which had its grandest exhibit when the choir led out and was sustained by tens of thousands of voices and hearts, unitedly pouring out with unmistakable feeling to the familiar tune,

The Spirit of God like a fire is burning,

Non-members and strangers were quite as subject to the prevailing influence as were the members of the Church. One lady said that she had resided in Washington during the war, had seen troops going to the front and returning in the hour of victory, but she had never witnessed a scene where the element of sublimity was so decidedly marked.

Many of the conference visitors lingered long enough in the city to see the figure of the Angel Moroni elevated to position, and to witness the first trial display of the electric lights upon those stately and beautiful pinnacles, which, whether they glowed in the darkness or glistened in the sun, are telling to coming time, and to nations afar off, the patience and faith and understanding of those engaged in this increasingly marvelous work; a work which began in weakness in poverty, in ignorance, and amid misrepresentation which still continues, but which, from the day when the first foundation stones were laid in Kirtland, Ohio, will continue to extend throughout the land of Zion, and leaping across the mighty ocean, will, during the long Millennium of a thousand years fulfill the prophecy given to Parley P. Pratt by Joseph the seer, that "he should live to build Temples in Scotland;" the former knew not whether this should be in the flesh or otherwise, but long ago he passed to the other side, consequently we may assert that resurrected beings will dwell upon the earth during this great Millennium and labor in the Temples of our God, until the last severed link of human relationship shall be welded to its neighbor by divine ordinance, through the authority of the Holy and eternal Priesthood, to the consummation of all things, and the deliverance of the redeemed by Jesus Christ that God may be all in all!

Cui bono is asked of the world, however in regard to this entire movement,

this restoration of one of the "lost arts;" partly in the same spirit that could see but waste or extravagance, when the precious ointment was poured over the Savior's head, and the suggestion was offered, "this money might have been given to the poor!" Once understood, however, that this work is in obedience to Divine requirement; that it is for Divine ordinances pertaining to salvation, personal or vicarious; that the Priesthood of God ministers therein; that washings, anointings, sealings and endowments, are so many necessary duties, nay, priceless privileges; that every thing therein belongs to the great drama of personal history, and constitutes an educational course in spiritual and eternal things; that this "School of the Prophets" is for graduation in the lessons of eternal life; that, well and properly used, man in the flesh can draw toward the Infinite, can enjoy the communion of the Saints and the ministration of angels; that inspiration and revelation is in the very atmosphere of Temple life, and that all the keys of power, exaltation and immortality by the resurrection of the dead are there unfolded; con all these items o'er and you have the secret of the expenditure, the enthusiasm, the anticipation, the ceremonial and the *clat*, which approaching completion stirs within the throbbing hearts of united Israel.

As the years roll by, and the nature of Temple work becomes more appreciated and better understood, so will the reverence which men in all lands give to so-called sacred places increase in intensity and interest, and Temple cities will become the centres of culture and vigorous spiritual life, just as those Cathedral cities of the old world have become such as they are, by virtue of that religious sentiment which antedates modern history, and had its highest exemplification in the religious culture (under divine auspices) amid ancient Israel, the covenant people of God.

Persons who have become weary of active life, will seek in their declining years the quietude and peace of these places; some, recovering from sickness,

will show their gratitude by adding to the adornment of the house of God a memorial window, a legacy in money, a valuable painting, choice articles of value, that "the places of the Lord's feet may be made glorious."

Wealthy members of the church, traveling amid the art treasures of the world, will see some mighty effort of human genius, and will be moved upon to transfer and consecrate it in this way; gifts of books, libraries, manuscripts, and bequests of precious things, will add mental and material wealth, as has been done everywhere by religionists: all will aid in enriching these great Institutions so inseparably connected with the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Missionaries traversing the nations of the earth will collect everything curious and valuable, as illustrating the history and customs of mankind, for the increase of the missionary spirit and for the fitting of those who will be taught to cope with the cumulative wisdom of the world, and yet to show by the power of their authority, "the more acceptable way!"

Family life, social life, religious life, spiritual force, will all find their roots embedded, and receiving nourishment from Temple soil; until such individuality shall belong to our posterity that, traveling abroad, it will be seen and said of them, "That man was born in Zion," just as in Palestine, it was said of the intimates of the Savior, they "had been with Jesus, and had learnt of him;" and just as everywhere upon the broad earth you may detect in the countenances of all Israel's posterity, the lingering evidences of their Origin, their Priesthood, their Institutions, and their Faith!

But little has been said in this brief review of those who have led or taken an active part in this "marvelous work and a wonder;" the chief actors have been the most prominent men of the Church; from the days of the Prophet, through the Presidency of Brigham Young, John Taylor, and Wilford Woodruff, "each man's sword has been girt upon his thigh," and their efforts, while herculean, have been wondrously lightened by the faith and works of sacrifice on the

part of the Priesthood and the Saints generally. It was the spirit of inspiration that made the "Mormons" a Temple building people; this was their mission in the world by the Gospel, and to the present, while they have "wrought miracles," in their subjugation of the desert, in gathering the poor, in multiplying homes, in cultivating the arts of peace, their grandest trophies are in the direction of spiritual things; they have laid the foundation for bringing into proximity and communion the heavens and the earth, and the whole world will be their debtors under God, either in this life or in the life to come.

The dedication of 1831 proved this great land to be the land of promise, the land of Zion, the land upon which Adam dwelt, where the Garden of Eden was located, and where the "Ancient of Days" will sit; upon it Zion will come again, the New Jerusalem, the city of God; the faithful of the latter-day work will inherit therein, the workers of Kirtland, of Far West, of Missouri, of Nauvoo; the martyrs who fell by the wayside in the dark days of spoliation and persecution; the men who, footsore and weary, sought out a habitation in the desert; those who traversed sea and land to impart that which they had received, and hosts—the unknown—whose name is legion, will in their several groups and quorums, "come again to Zion with songs of everlasting joy upon their heads, and sorrow and sighing shall forever flee away."

When the proper time arrives, some master spirit, searching the archives of the Church, will bring together the names of the Immortals, a consecutive and detailed history of Temple work, including cost, magnitude, labor performed and yet waiting, with such other information as shall bring home to our youth (and to the world as far as they may comprehend it) the educational and salvatory genius of this increasingly interesting Latter-day manifestation.

Here this much loved, this absorbing topic must, because of the demand upon our space, be reluctantly left. The call of the First Presidency for a day of fasting, thanksgiving and offering, is the keynote

of this Temple's completion and dedication (D. V.) on the sixth of April, 1893, or just forty years from the time that the foundation stones were laid!

While all the Saints look forward to this as the fruition of many hopes, it is fully understood to be but the prelude to grander effort and to mightier works; works which will continue to require their attention, to command their wealth, and to inspire the genius of Israel and that of their posterity, until to them shall be given the lead in science, art, literature and all knowledge, as they now lead by fiat of Jehovah, in The Science of Eternal Life.

H. W. Naisbitt.

DR. PARK AND TAX REFORM.

THE New York Tax Reform Association, a society for the intelligent discussion and agitation of the subject of taxation, has adopted the following platform:

PLATFORM.

1. The most direct taxation is the best, because it gives to the real payers of taxes a conscious and direct pecuniary interest in honest and economical government.
2. Mortgages and capital engaged in production or trade should be exempt from taxation: because taxes on such capital tend to drive it away, to put a premium on dishonesty and to discourage industry.
3. Real estate should bear the main burden of taxation: because such taxes can be most easily, cheaply and certainly collected, and because they bear least heavily on the farmer and the worker.
4. Our present system of levying and collecting state and municipal taxes is extremely bad, and spasmodic and unreflecting tinkering with it is unlikely to result in substantial improvement.
5. No legislature will venture to enact a good system of local taxation until the people, especially the farmers, perceive the correct principles of taxation and see the folly of taxing personal property.

THEREFORE: We desire to unite our efforts, in such ways as may seem advisable, to keep intelligent discussion and agitation of the subject of taxation, with a view to improvement in the system and enlightenment as to the correct principles.

Recently the secretary of this association was in communication with Dr. Park of the Deseret University, on the subject,

and finally received the Doctor's endorsement of the platform in a letter as follows:

THE UNIVERSITY OF DESERET,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH,
Mr. Bolton Hall, Secretary N. Y. Tax Reform Association, 111 Broadway, New York.

Dear Sir:—Your letter of the 22nd inst. with accompanying papers setting forth the aims, objects and platform of the New York Tax Reform Association, is received. Though the question of the suggested reform is not entirely new to me, I have never had its principles so clearly and definitely presented to me before. Whatever may be the result of further examination into the merits of the question, I must now endorse the platform and aims of the association as they seem to me. I will be glad to accept with thanks your offer of such literature on the subject as you may have. If received I will place it in our Library and bring it to the attention of our literary and debating societies, consisting of young men from this and adjacent Territories, and urge them to discuss the question. I will hand your letter and papers sent me over to our Professor of Political Economy.

Yours truly,

John R. Park,
President.

"ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL."

Why will ye walk in darkness still?

Why keep your souls in night;

Still clinging to a blinding creed,

That bears no ray of light?

Unclasp the bands that bind thee now,

And tear yourselves away;

Then live, in that diviner life,

From henceforth and for aye.

Open your minds unto the truth,

Turn from the ways of sin;

For truth drives gloomy darkness out,

Brings God's bright sunlight in.

Throw off false chains that fetter thee,

And error's baneful thrall;

For in God's great capacious love,

Is room enough for all.

L. M. H.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

HIS RELIGIOUS LIFE.

STONEWALL JACKSON was a devout man before, but the war made him still more devout, as new trials and new dangers called for a stronger faith. His recognition of God in all things, which might not seem extraordinary if it flourished in the vale of humility and peace, becomes most notable when it keeps its hold and its mastery over him in a conflict of arms mighty enough to rouse all the passions that rage in the warrior's breast.

The religion of Stonewall Jackson is an enigma to many who study the life of the great soldier, while to others it is a scorn and a derision. To those who seek a subject for caricature, the eccentricities, in which he carried some things to an extreme, furnish plenty of material for their small wit. Such was his rigid observance of the Sabbath. Not only did he refrain all worldly occupations on that day, he would not even write a letter, nor read one if he received it, even though it was from her who was to be his wife. He was sure it would keep its sweetness till the next day, and meanwhile he had the pleasure of anticipation. Nay, more, he would not post a letter on Saturday, lest it should travel on Sunday. One exception, however, he was compelled to make. Sometimes he would have to fight a battle on that holy day; but that he looked upon as "a work of necessity," if not of "mercy;" and then he would keep Monday! So scrupulous was he not to defraud the Lord of His just due that he would sometimes keep two or three days running to balance the account!

But more than any outward observance was the faith that vitalized his very being. This was the iron in his blood. It has been said that he was a fatalist; that he had a blind feeling of "destiny," like that of Napoleon, as if his career was not of his own choosing, but that he was lifted up and borne on by a power that he could not resist. This is the creed of the Moslem, to whom it gives a confidence in battle that is in itself an element of power. But it is a cold, hard, iron

creed, which sees nothing around us but material forces that work on and on with tremendous power, caring not for the happiness they destroy or the suffering they inflict, crushing the lives and hopes of men without pity and without remorse. Into this stupendous mechanism—this universe without a soul—faith puts intelligence and love, so that to the soldier who looks up from his tent to the stars above him they are not the cold, stony eyes of a relentless Fate, but the tender eyes of One who looks down upon him, a loving as well as an unsleeping Watcher. That love and care Jackson never doubted. The power above was a Father, into whose hands he committed the issues of life and death with childlike trust. This simple faith was the inspiration of his life. He carried it into the war; indeed, it grew stronger as the clouds grew darker. His marvelous successes might well confirm his faith in the Divine protection, which he sought constantly by prayer. His negro servant said he always knew when there was going to be a battle, because his master got up so many times in the night to pray! And he at once packed his haversack, for he knew that he would call for it in the morning. When he was riding to battle and spoke not a word, his lips were observed to be moving in prayer. Thus relying upon a higher power, how could he help looking upon success as the answer to his prayer, and say, what he fervently believed, that it was "not by his own might or power," but that it was God who had given him the victory?

A NORTHERNER'S ESTIMATE OF HIS CHARACTER AND CAREER.

The midsummer of last year witnessed a scene in the mountains of Virginia that recalled the events of a past generation. The twenty-first of July was the thirtieth anniversary of Bull Run, where North and South met in the first real battle of the war, for the engagements in West Virginia, near the Ohio, hardly rose to the dignity of battles. But Bull Run was a conflict of armies, in which both sides took their first lessons in war, and out of

which came at least one great soldier, who stood so firmly while the battle raged around him that others who were broken and dismayed took courage as they saw his unshaken column standing "like a stone wall," from which he received the name of "Stonewall" Jackson. This was the hero to whom a monument was now to be unveiled in Lexington, where he is buried. Of those who stood beside him on that bloody day thirty years ago, almost all had followed him to the grave; but the survivors, the shattered wrecks of war, came from far and near to do honor to him who once led them to battle, and wept with overpowering emotion at the grave of their beloved commander.

The demonstration furnished an occasion for a Northerner to give his opinion of this extraordinary man. The years that have passed have removed us so far from the great tragedy of war, and from the passions it aroused, that we can do justice even to those who were in arms against us; and no one can read the history of Stonewall Jackson without recognizing in him all the qualities that go to make a popular hero. As a soldier, some competent critics rank him as the first that the war produced on either side. Not that he was at the head of the largest army, or undertook the most extensive military operations, but that with the means that he had he accomplished more than any other commander. He had made a study of the campaigns of Napoleon, and saw that success lay not merely in having "the strongest battalions," but in secrecy of design and rapidity of execution. In the latter he outdid even Napoleon himself, training his men to such a pitch of endurance that he could "rush" them twenty-five miles a day over a broken country, across rivers, and over mountains, and fight the battle as the sun was going down. Nothing in the war gave more decisive proof of military genius than the campaign in the Shenandoah Valley in the Spring of 1862—the only one which he conducted absolutely alone, with no interference from those above him—where he was pitted not against one army, but four (under Banks, Fremont, Shields, and Milroy,) advan-

cing upon him from different quarters, and outmanœuvred them all, attacking and defeating each in turn, till he drove them, one after another, out of the valley, when he gave them all the slip, and crossing the Blue Ridge in one of his rapid marches, suddenly appeared on the flank of McClellan's army before Richmond. That decided the Peninsular campaign, when he turned north, and by a bold movement threw himself between Pope and Washington, and the second Bull Run proved far more bloody than the first. All this is a matter of history which it is not necessary to recall, nor to follow the tireless soldier to Harper's Ferry, to Antietam, to Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, where he fell at the very moment that the great flank movement which he had conceived and conducted had struck the Union army with a shock from which it reeled and could not recover, but sought safety on the other side of the Rappahannock, which it had crossed only a few days before in all the confidence of victory. This is a record of continued success of which it is hard to find another example in our own history, or, indeed, in any other.

JACKSON AND THE BLACK FLAG.

ONE chapter, however, furnished by another pen, is new and startling—that which ascribes to Jackson at one moment a proposal to raise the black flag! This is the last extremity of war, and its most horrible barbarity. The very word suggests slaughter without mercy. The black flag floats at the mast-head of pirateships, telling by a sign that cannot be misunderstood, that quarter will neither be asked nor given. In warfare on land it would be understood as a massacre of prisoners, a thing unknown among nations at the present day, and that would bring upon any man or any government that should attempt it, the execration of the whole civilized world. The very idea of such a thing is so alien to the character of Stonewall Jackson that a statement of this kind must be received with great reserve. It would not be deemed worthy of a moment's attention were it not that it is given on the authority of his

own brother-in-law, General Rufus Barringer, of the Confederate army, who details at considerable length a remarkable interview that took place after the Seven Days battle, while the army was still encamped near Richmond. But the statement is explicit, and leaves no doubt that Jackson believed in the Cromwellian way of carrying on war; that if war must be, the more tremendous the blows, the sooner it will come to an end; and he would push the war into the North, and make it felt in all its severity. But he would never have dealt with prisoners as Cromwell did with the Irish garrison of Drogheda, or Napoleon with the Turks at Jaffa. The best proof of what he would do is in what he did do when the fortune of war threw a whole garrison into his hands. At Harper's Ferry he captured eleven thousand men, and instead of treating them with great severity, he paroled them all; by which, instead of being sent to southern prisons, they were transported to a camp near Chicago, where they were kept in comparative comfort till they were exchanged. Of course, if they violated their parole they would be exposed to the utmost penalty of war. But the policy, instead of being cruel, was the mildest that could be adopted. It was not, however, on the

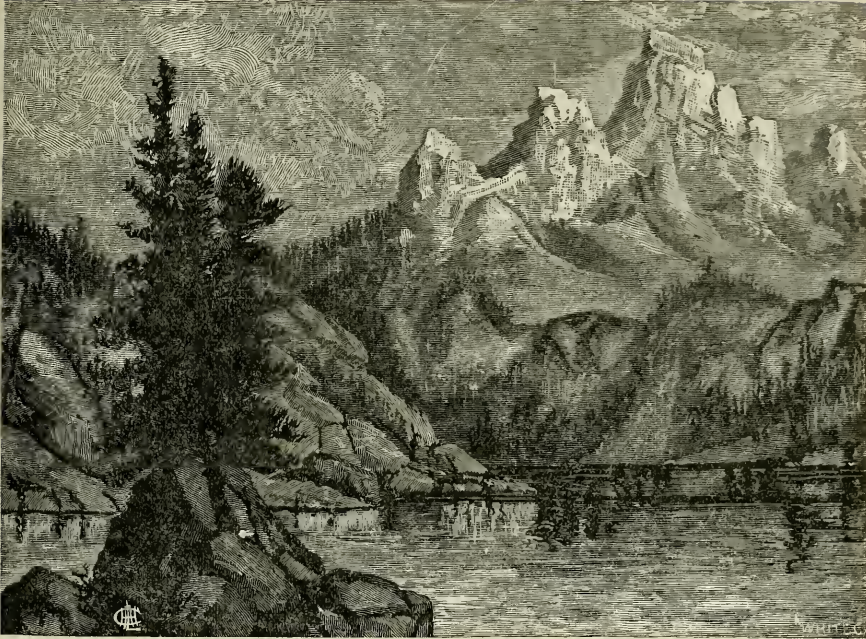
ground of humanity, but to disencumber his army, which he could not do with thousands of prisoners dragging on his heels. If at Harper's Ferry he had stopped to look after them, it would have delayed his march to join Lee for the approaching battle. When he declared, therefore, that he would "keep no prisoners," it was for a military reason. He had laid out a plan of campaign, which he believed, if vigorously pursued, would end the war. It was to form three or four great "moveable columns" of forty thousand men each, which should be literally stripped for battle, leaving behind not only prisoners but even fortified posts, that the whole fighting force might be concentrated into a few compact bodies, which could be moved with great rapidity into the Northern States and against northern cities. That this grand strategy would have succeeded we do not believe, for the best of all reasons, that it was twice attempted and failed—at Antietam and Gettysburg—in the first of which Jackson himself took part. But at the time of the interview this had not been attempted, and he was very sanguine of success, even picturing to himself how he would plant his guns within shelling distance of Philadelphia and New York!—*Harper's*.

RESIGNATION.

The crushing blow of Fate's relentless hand,
 His mandates stern, no mortal can withstand;
 No tears of woman, nor man's burdened heart,
 May bid him from his well-worn way depart.
 Still onward roll the years, and on before,
 Fate drives us till the weary march be o'er.
 Alas for him who, fainting on the way,
 Calls for the night to shroud the dreary day,
 Unwilling in his path to farther go—
 For then the sad-eyed Sorrow, with her woe,
 Will rack his heavy soul, until perforce,
 He rallies, once more forward wends his course.
 But he who takes him bravely on his way,
 With courage sings life's livening battle lay,
 Who helps his weary comrade ease his care,
 Will with him all his binding burdens bear,
 May from his life the frown of Fate beguile,
 Detect in that great face a Godly smile.

Genevieve Lucile Browne.

MOUNTAIN SCENERY OF UTAH.



LAKE LUCY.

III.

THE scenic beauties of the mountains of Utah are not limited to the neighborhood of Salt Lake City, nor to the Cottonwood districts, but with almost infinite variety they are distributed from end to end and side to side of the Territory. With change of latitude the characteristics are markedly different. The mountains surrounding Cache Valley and around Bear Lake present the appearance of those belonging to the cool temperate zone, being wooded with firs and crested with snow; while those of the extreme southern part of the territory are not only different in contour, but bear a vegetation suggestive of semi-tropical climes, such as huge flowering cacti, and a species of cactus palm, while the firs give place to cedars, which much resemble the cypress of eastern lands. In the south, when once beyond the southern climax of the Wasatch, at Mount Baldy, near Marysvale, there are none of the alpine lakes, and little of that kind of cañon scenery which belongs particularly to the Wasatch mountains; but at the northern end of the Wasatch there are many of

these high mountain lakes, and there is one body of water which has a peculiar beauty of its own. This is the splendid Bear Lake, some twenty-five miles in length and half as wide. The water is as clear as crystal and icy cold. It is surrounded by well timbered mountains, with wide stretches of grassy plains between their feet and the shore; and the lake itself is supplied with splendid trout, which furnish the markets of a large district in each direction.

Among the big mountains of the north is Logan Cañon, one of the longest in the territory, and yielding the finest stream that waters the fertile valley of Cache. Near the head of Logan Cañon is a series of alpine lakes of great beauty, each being the source of a stream tributary to Logan River. They are separated by majestic mountains at great altitudes, in whose recesses lie deep beds of snow through all the long summer. One of these lakes, probably the most beautiful, is now called Lake Lucy, having been recently so named by the veteran photographer, C. R. Savage, after one of his daughters. It lies deep in a most roman-

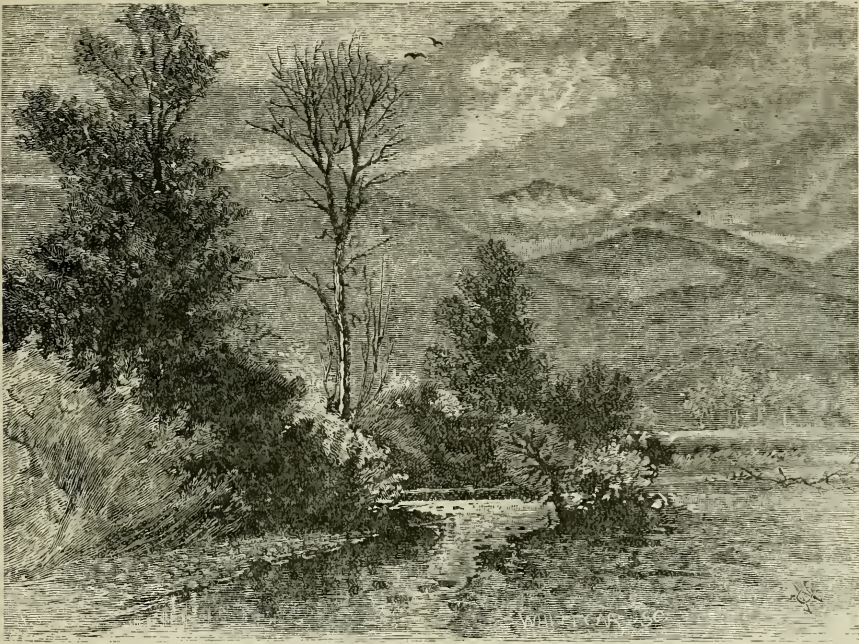


LAKE ANNA.

tic hollow between two enormous mountain masses, which a prominent citizen of Cache Valley once named Gog and Magog, after the fabled British giants. For the want of a better name the present writer, in sketching this lake, called it Lake Magog, but in deference to Mr. Savage, he accepts the better title, believing that one who has done so much to bring the beauty of our mountain scenery to the knowledge of many both here and abroad, may well be accorded much greater rights than the christening of this, the only lake to which he has ever given a name in this country. It is Lake Lucy, therefore, which rests so deep and calm in this hollow of the hills, amidst forests of magnificent pines, and protected by those two enormous rocky piles which shield it from winds and keep it in shadow nearly all the day. It is the subject of one of our illustrations.

We have scarcely alluded, so far, to the greatest mountain chain of all that Utah possesses, the Uintahs. The highest peak of the Wasatch is Mount Nebo, which is scarcely twelve thousand feet in height, but Mount Gilbert, the highest of

the Uintah mountains, is about fourteen thousand. The Uintah range runs almost due east and west, differing in this respect to nearly every other range in the Territory, which, like the Wasatch, strike north and south. They are so steep and wild that there is not even a wagon road across them, except at one place near Bald Mountain, toward the eastern end, where the government constructed a military road from Fort Brigder to Fort Thornburg, many years ago, a passage so difficult that it has almost been abandoned. From this road westward for seventy-five miles there is no way of crossing the range, except by the old Indian trails, and even these are now almost obliterated. One of the best approaches to the higher regions of the Uintahs, is up the forks of the headwaters of Bear River, which leads direct to the heart of the mountains, in the neighborhood of Reed's, Gilbert's and La Motte's peaks. Here, in the midst of most magnificent timber, which the lumberman has not yet penetrated, there are scores of the glacial lakes to which we have so often referred



PROVO RIVER.

and it is here that the greater part of the principal rivers of the Territory have their rise, those flowing eastward going to supply Green River, and all the rest reaching the Great Salt Lake. Tributary to these are a thousand rills and streams, at the head of which are frequently found the amphitheatres and grassy tracks which add so much to the beauty of our high mountain scenery. Nothing could contrast more artistically than the deep and placid pools, with their fringes of rich green and quiet piney glades, to the gigantic uprising cliffs of rock, bare, broken, desolate against the sky, rifted with chasms in which snow lingers throughout the year, and upon whose breast the morning sun gleams and the setting sun glows, while the valleys below are wrapped in deep shadow, and the gray of twilight is stealing among the pines. One of the most accessible of these high peaks is La Motte. The writer, in company with a friend, a year or two ago, enjoyed the superb view from its summit, embracing so wide a field and such variety of material. To the north the "bad lands" of Wyoming stretch,

pale and dreary, into the remote distance; and to the northwest long lines of alternating prairies and hills mark the course of Bear River beyond Bear Lake; then along the west, the last lingering line of blue—so faint that it wearies the eye to hold its outline longer than a moment—are the Wasatch Mountains, a hundred miles away, yet noble in form and full of interest because much beloved. We could trace them from the peaks near Willard and Ogden, down past the Cottonwoods and American Fork, with a suspicion even of Mount Nebo, a rugged line, yet exceedingly faint, even though the interspace was clear as space could be, and the sky above was pure and deep as cobalt. As it stretches southward, the line crosses the dark majestic outline of Reed's Peak, which rises in fine proportions just across the cañon, its base clothed in dense forests through which a group of gleaming lakes, far down below, reflects the afternoon sun. From that peak begins the lofty chain of Uintahs. Stretching eastward as far as the vision will extend, they rise in domes, in pyramids, in cones,

all broken and rifted with grim chasms and sides torn with wind and snow—varicolored, pale ochres of yellowish and greenish gray, deep maroon cliffs, stretches of creamy ridges, bluffs of purple, and over and through all, the blue air softening the distance until the most easterly peaks are azure on their shadow sides and lilac where the sun catches them. In every meadow far below, where the grass has been yellowed by frost, lies a pale sea-green alpine lake bordered by dark purple boulders that have been cast there by the glaciers of long ago. Above, below, whichever way we gaze, there is grandeur and magnificence. The way hither is toilsome and beset with dangers, but the end repays. There is nothing to obstruct the view—timber line lies far below—the air is free and the winds sweep by in a mad race, not very cold, but so keen as to sting the nostrils and make the eyes water.

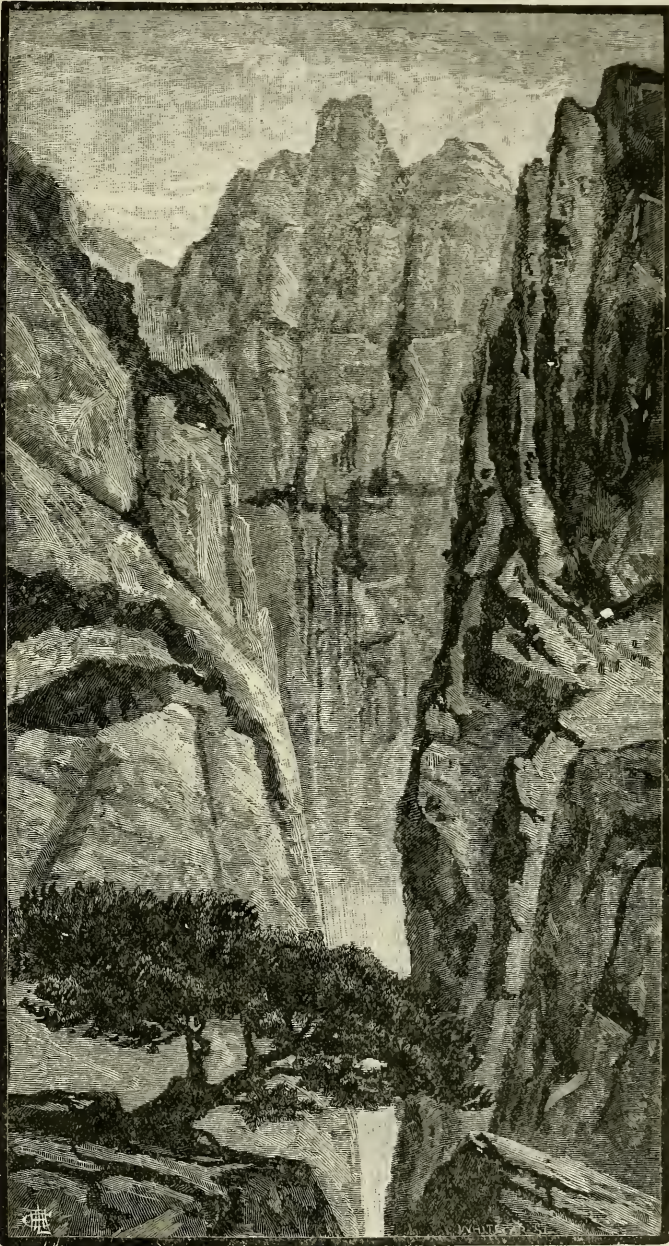
In a basin which lies at the eastern foot of La Motte, is Lake Anna, of which we give an illustration, so named by Prof. M. E. Jones in honor of his wife. We believe it to be the most elevated body of water of its size in North America, its surface being almost twelve thousand feet above the sea. Although it is fully a mile across, it is undoubtedly of glacial origin, the lateral moraines still fringing the base of the walls that hem it in, and the well marked terminal moraine setting its barrier across the amphitheatre in which it reposes. It is at the top of timber line, and the pines which grow around its shores are stunted and made grotesque by their efforts to survive at the highest limits of this kind of vegetation. Within a mile or two of this lake is another, equally beautiful and almost as elevated, named Lake Chapin by the writer after his eldest daughter. Although but a few hundred feet less in altitude than Lake Anna, the verdure which surrounds it is much more profuse and beautiful, lending its charms of beauty and romance that add materially to its artistic properties. It appears to be of unfathomable depth, and its waters are of that clear, pallid green so well known to mountain climbers.

The upper waters of the Bear River are fed from a region of such generous distances that it is not easy to locate forks and tributaries which have never yet been named. The larger divisions are the Main Fork, East Fork and Hayden's Fork, but these again are sub-divided, the Main Fork having two considerable forks from the east and one from the west, besides its own grand terminal near the summit. To simply traverse any one of these subordinate forks is a good day's jaunt either afoot or horseback; and whichever fork is chosen it is sure to lead to an elevated amphitheatre beset with alpine lakes buried amongst dense pines. These amphitheatres are alike in these largest features—that they are walled around with rocky steeps which seem impossible to scale, and the only entrance to this circle is by the course of the stream which invariably flows from the chain of lakes; but in other particulars they vastly differ one from the other. The peaks which tower above them take an infinite variety of shapes, some sharp and jagged against the sky and others cliff-sided but smooth and rolling on their crests. Almost without exception the lakes are of glacial origin, dammed up by the moraines which have been left by ice-rivers of a thousand years ago; but the direction of these glaciers seems to have been as capricious as the present water courses, and they have left the charming lakelets in such odd and out of the way places that only those trained to the work can seek them out.

In one of these final amphitheatres, that on the western side of the main fork of the Bear, we found ourselves in an expansive basin at the foot of Reed's Peak. On every side were beautiful glades, surrounded by timber through whose boughs could occasionally be had glimpses of further parks beyond. In these dingles the rich grass was knee high and threaded across with deep water-courses, like trenches, through which crystal streams, ice cold, slowly passed. Out into the meadows, there would nearly always venture a group or two of pines, picturesquely posed, like a wooded isle in a sea of herbage. Back of the piney

fringes of these parks, the ruddy quartzite cliffs frown down, while at the head of the basin, aerial, majestic, overtopping everything, arises the weird outline of Reed's Peak, a gigantic sarcophagus and nothing else. You see its resemblance to a great sepulchre at the first glance and never forget it as long as the peak is in sight. A sloping base about whose feet are crystal fountains—a coffin-shaped mass resting squarely on its pedestal—a line of ornamentation sharp and true, as if carved by hand—another slab above it, square and plumb; and on the top an effigy, prone on its back, its face, neck, breast, body, knees, and feet as fairly proportioned as if modelled by the artists of the renaissance who made the effigies of kings and queens that lie in St. Paul's and Westminster; but this giant image of the mountains rests on its lofty couch with a matchless repose more subtly wrought than comes within the power of man. And of what colossal

size! From head to foot, as he lies stretched out, he will measure over a thousand feet; his tomb is a quarter of a



CANYON OF LADORE.

mile wide and several miles in circumference; his brow is lifted higher to the sky than any earthly thing around; it is the

first to catch the winter's snow and the last to lose it; the rays of the morning sun are flung across his face before the valleys have awakened from the shades of night, and in the evening the deep red glow lingers about his feet when all the world below is fading in the twilight; the whirling winds whistle across him, the rains and the tempests encompass him about, but still he rests unchanged, unchangeable in his solemn repose.

Way off to the eastern end of the Uintah mountain range, Green River cuts through its magnificent chasm, which for many years has been known as the Cañon of Ladore. How this wild river could ever have forced its way directly across one of the greatest chains of the Rocky Mountains was a mystery that was solved, we believe, by Major Powell, who shows quite clearly that the river ran before the mountains rose, and that the great Uintah chain gradually uplifted its length

across the river bed, but so slowly that the stream cut its way as fast as the line upheaved. The result is one of the great scenic features of America. In the Cañon of Ladore, the river now passes between perpendicular walls many thousand feet in height, without a bank on either side wide enough to bear the human foot. Uintah Creek and Lake Fork drain the southern slopes of the Uintah into the Duchesne, but between the latter and the Cañon of Ladore run Ashley and Brush creeks into the Green River. Brush Creek Gorge is one of the most remarkable of these narrow water courses; slashing the mountain with a fissure which at the top is sometimes not more than fifty feet in width and perhaps a thousand feet in depth, inaccessible to the most hardy explorer, and terrifying all who venture to look down into its dark and dismal depths.

H. L. A. Culmer

THE FIRST TELESCOPE;

OR, LOVE SHARPENS THE EYE OF SCIENCE.

[A Tale of Invention in Holland, retold by Leo Hæfeli.]

CHAPTER I. THE JOURNEYMAN.

ON a gloomy afternoon of the year 1609, there passed through the sedate streets of the dutch town Middelburg, a stalwart fellow, looking half like a warrior, half like a journeyman of a refined craft. On his perty curled head he had a cap with a long plume; a short sword was clinking at his left; a small bundle only lightly burdened his straight back. His bronzed face was ornamented with martial whiskers, and his keen, grey eyes sent bold but not audacious glances at the pretty lasses around the street fountains where he passed.

At last he entered the quiet street behind the old St. Peter's church, and he stopped before a stately gable-fronted house. In the small garden the owner, a pury red-faced man of middle age was busy watering the well-trained flower

beds, for the day was warm, dry, and dusty.

"Good day, Master Lippersheim!" the new-comer exclaimed gayly. "How's this? Is optical glass business so dull that you are out here gardening, instead of busy-ing in the workshop? I just came to ask for a job."

The glass polisher looked up and replied, not disconcerted in the least by the abrupt appeal: "Indeed, glass business is dull enough, at this time, for the people of Amsterdam are driving us Middleburg glass polishers with close competition on the foreign markets. But I might find work for you yet, if you understand glass polishing well."

"Well, as to that, Master, you should know, I dare say. Did'nt you say, five years ago, when I finished my apprenticeship, that I was a first-rate glass polisher? Ha, ha! Now you recognize me at last."

"Can it be?" Jan Lippersheim* cried in astonishment. "Is it really you, Zachariah Jansen? I thought you had perished in the fearful war, like my two poor boys, Adrian and Hubert, who died in the fight with the Spaniards."

"Peace to their ashes! Honor to their memory!" Zachariah said seriously. "Hubert and Adrian fell like so many thousand others, for the freedom of the Netherlands, for which I, too, fought and bled; but I escaped with my life. Now we have at last repose in the land. You must know that, on April 9th, an armistice for twelve years was arranged with the Spaniards. The regiment to which I belonged has been disbanded. I am, therefore, no longer a soldier, but a journeyman glass polisher, who is looking for a job."

"I'll take you in with pleasure, Zachariah, and pay you the highest wages, a guilder and a half a week; and board and lodging with me. You are coming just right. My last journeyman has just run away, and I have only one apprentice left. You can live in the little room behind the workshop, which you'll know of old."

"Thanks, master! That suits me bravely. And may I ask how are your worthy spouse and the little Justina?"

"Thanks; they're both well, but the little Justina has since grown into a tall girl and will, if everything comes to pass as I hope and wish, marry a councilman. But now let's go in, Zachariah! My women-folk will be glad to see you again."

The worthy master put his sprinkling can down, and both entered the house.

In the comfortably furnished dwelling-room there were seated at the table, busied with skilful embroidery, Frau Gertrude and her daughter Justina, the former a dignified matron, the latter a charming girl of eighteen, with soft, blue eyes, blonde, simply plaited hair, and a sweet, captivating countenance. Cordially they welcomed Zachariah Jansen, who had once been a housemate, almost one

of the family circle, and for whom they had guarded a faithful remembrance. They at once served him a bounteous lunch, upon which being dispatched, he was readily induced to regale his hospitable audience with his adventures and experiences in the bloody war.

"You took part in many sanguinary battles and dangerous sieges, and yet were wounded only once," said Justina, a not unsympathetic listener, in whose case was rehearsed the time-honored experience of Dido of Carthage listening to the exploits of Æneas. "But my dear brothers fell as victims of the dreadful war. We have wept long and much for them, and found consolation only in the thought that they fell for the liberation of the beloved fatherland."

"Yea," Frau Gertrude took up the thread of conversation, "God be praised that we now have peace, or armistice, as they call it. For full two-and-forty years the Spanish war fury has been afflicting our country."

"Indeed, and now we Netherlanders have achieved victory, and therewith our independence, though a few cities and walled towns are yet in the hands of the Spaniards, and may still remain there for a time," thoughtfully added grave Master Lippersheim.

"But Spain is entirely exhausted and has no longer either money or credit, while here in Holland commerce, trades, and navigation flourish, as they never did before. Our fleets rule the seas. In the midst of the turmoil of war we founded the East India Company, which paid in the last two years five-and-seventy and forty per cent. dividends. Rich and strong, as we are, we could have continued to fight with all our might, but the illustrious General States resolved to make peace, and thus they concluded at Antwerp a treaty of truce for twelve years."

After a while Zachariah repaired to the chamber appointed him, to hang his sword on a nail, whereupon he went into the workshop, finding there the apprentice, Michael, a smart lad of eighteen summers, busy among the lenses. As soon as a preliminary acquaintance had

*J. W. Draper, in Vol. II, chapter 8, of his "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," gives the name as "Lippershey."

been established, Jansen asked confidentially: "Tell me, Michael, what was the name of the journeyman who was here last, and why did he leave?"

"His name was Gerard Tegelen," the lad answered with a knowing smile. "And he left in despair because Master Lippersheim called him an ass."

"Why did the Master call him such an ugly name? No self-respecting journeyman could stand that; of course not. Do you know what was the cause?"

"Oh, yes, quite well. Jouffrouw Justina is the innocent cause!"

"Aha! I thought so."

"Indeed! Well, last year we had three journeymen who were discharged, one after the other, because they dared to raise their eyes to fair Justina. Then came Gerard—he, too, shared the same fate."

"But what did Justina say to all that?"

"Oh, nothing at all. She just let the poor fellows sigh and suffer, and laughed; for she didn't care for one nor the other."

"It seems the old man has some higher ambition with his daughter."

"That's just it. They say already that the old Councilman Memling is limping around here on a wooer's legs.

"And is it settled?"

"I think not."

"All the better! I wish another bridegroom for the sweet, fair Justina."

The apprentice, forgetting the barriers of rank between apprentice and journeyman, laughed outright, saying, "Well, you're the fifth one, Zachariah Jansen; I mean the fifth journeyman glass polisher to fall in love with the beautiful Justina."

"'s faith!" said Zachariah, "when I left this house, five years ago, to become a soldier in the army of the Prince of Orange—God preserve him!—Justina was a mere child. Now I find her again, as a charming, sweet maiden. Am I in love with her? I don't know for sure. But it might well be, for she has already bewitched me."

"Are you rich?"

"With four pence in my pocket I came back to Middelburg."

"Then, don't let your love be noticed, or the boss puts you out o' doors right

away. Sure enough, you are the fifth one. And in a year from now, I may be the sixth one."

"Pst, Michael, I believe the master's coming."

And certain enough, Jan Lippersheim, the master, entered, to give the new employee his instructions. He was indeed a clever, even a renowned optician, not a mere glass polisher, having made several not unimportant discoveries in his profession, especially in improving spectacles. Still, however much he had studied, experimented, and tried, the ambitious and not overly modest man had not yet succeeded in coming before his fellow-craftsmen with a really great discovery or invention.

CHAPTER II.

THE LOVER.

Zachariah Jansen had not lost the deft-handed skill of his craft, although he had been cast about a good deal in rough camp life. In the course of the next days and weeks, he more and more proved himself a clever workman, fully meriting the praise of his master.

As to Jouffrouw Justina, she was fond of the gay and sprightly Zachariah, and thus fondness grew in warmth with the days. The "fifth one," therefore, met with better success than his predecessors.

One evening, at twilight, the two met in the little front garden, and there exchanged their tender sentiments. But when the first rapture had passed, there came the "ifs" and "buts."

"Your poor father will never accept a poor journeyman for a son-in-law," Zachariah complained.

"But I don't want any old Councilman," she whispered determinedly.

"Has Mynheer Memling asked for your hand yet?"

"Not yet, but he intends to do so soon; at least, that's what my father claims."

"And mother, what does she think of it?"

"She only wishes with all her heart that I may be happy. But 't needn't necessarily be with a lame Councilman,' says she."

"Then she is against this proposed match?"

"Yes, my dear."

At this very moment the lovers were startled first by a snort cough, followed by a sharp, dry, mocking laugh. Frightened, they looked up. There, by the fence, stood the Councilman Memling, a lame and shriveled little man in the forties, with a pale face betraying a dissolute past.

"Ah, my fair Jouffrouw Justina, are you enjoying the mild evening breezes?" he asked sarcastically.

"Yea, Mynheer," Justina replied curtly.

"And you have agreeable company, it seems? Who may the young sprig be?"

"He is Zachariah Jansen, a journeyman of my father's."

"Ahem, ahem! And it is with him that you are caught whispering so tenderly, my sweet little Justina!"

"He has served as a soldier under the banner of the Prince, and has related some of his war deeds to me."

"My sword still hangs in my chamber!" Zachariah heroically exclaimed, and pulled his whiskers with martial defiance.

"My young fire-eater," the Councilman spoke, or rather coughed haughtily, "though you may have saved the country, you had no right to kiss this modest maiden."

"Oho; I should first have asked your permission?"

This provoking question elicited no reply from the patrician, who turned to Justina with the question, "Is your father at home?"

"He is upstairs in his writing room."

"So-so, then I will go and see him right away." He entered the house and ascended the stairs, though not without some trouble.

The lovers looked at each other.

"Now he will betray and denounce us," remarked Justina.

"No doubt about it," replied Zachariah. "We will have to weather a storm. Are you afraid?"

"No."

"You will stand by me in storm and trouble?"

"For all my life, you darling!"

"Then the old Councilman causes me not the least worry."

"If you go away, Zachariah, I will go with you—and were it as far as the end of the world!"

At these words her otherwise so gentle features showed the strongest degree of resoluteness.

Upstairs a window was opened. Old Lippersheim put his head out and called angrily: "Justina! are you still in the garden? Come upstairs forthwith!"

"Will you come with me, Zachariah?" she asked archly.

"Of course," the young man promptly responded.

And thus both entered the house.

When they showed themselves in the writing room, the Councilman was sitting on a chair, maliciously chuckling to himself. Jan Lippersheim was measuring the room with wide-reaching and loud-resounding steps on the smoothly polished floor. Frau Gertrude was seated by the window in apparent anxiety.

"I did not call you, Jansen!" the optician almost roared.

"I came because I wanted to talk to you," Zachariah retorted with forcibly preserved composure.

"For the time being it is I who will talk. Where did you get the impudence to kiss my daughter?"

"Well, master, if one's in love——"

"That's too outrageous! Justina, how could this happen!"

"Father, Zachariah confessed his love for me, and I, too, love him with all my heart——"

"Hi, hi! There you hear it, Lippersheim?" the yellow-faced Councilman sneered.

"This shall not be," cried the polisher of spectacles. "Ill-bethinking girl, you knew that I had other views with you."

"But these views don't suit me."

"Here sits the worthy, noble, worshipful Councilman, Mynheer Gisbert Memling——"

"I don't want to be Frau Councilman."

"You thus spurn your fortune!"

"Rather I seek to avoid misfortune."

"Girl, consider what you are saying!"

"I am saying only what I have considered," Justina broke out in sobs.

"Well, I'll make an end of this tom-

foolery," Jan Lippersheim brusquely said, throwing a few silver coins on the table. "There's your last week's pay, Zachariah Jansen! Pack your things up and quit my house at once!"

"All right, master," Zachariah replied calmly, putting the money into his pocket. Then, turning to the maiden, "I see we must part for the nonce, Justina. But only for a short time. Do not weep, my love! I am going to stay in Middelburg."

"Get out!" the master roared.

"I will take you away, Justina," Zachariah said with imperturbable assurance.

"Just try it!" the Councilman menaced. "We will attend to you, young peace-breaker. When your few pennies are spent, we will expel you by force from the town. And if you commit any act of rashness, the tower by the Council House will be an excellent means for making you come to your senses."

"Mynheer Memling, then you might just as well have me taken there, too," Justina exclaimed energetically.

"Oh, they'll put your little head to rights, Jouffrouw," the Councilman said. "We'll find the means for that."

"I'll vouch for that!" Jan Lippersheim affirmed with unabated anger. "This folly must be stamped out mercifully."

"Oh, Zachariah!" the maiden exclaimed with the unmistakable accents of undying love. "I shall always remain true to you!"

"Thanks, Justina!" answered the brave youth. "Though I now must part from you, you soon shall hear from your faithful Zachariah. Till then, good-bye, dearest!"

And he went out. A few minutes after he left the once so hospitable, but now unfriendly house, with his small bundle containing the earnings of his peace labor and with his sword, telling of his war deeds.

He went to another glass grinder, a competitor of Lippersheim, who was ready at once to give the expert workman a shelter and employment at a liberal pay, of which he now was more in need than ever.

CHAPTER III.
THE PRISONER.

He really intended to elope with Justina, and to this end he made all necessary preparations. Through the go-between apprentice Michael he kept a secret correspondence with his beloved. Then one day, he went to the neighboring harbor Vliessingen, and made arrangements with a skipper who was ready to sail for England.

A few days after that, Justina secretly left her paternal roof and took her flight with the faithful Zachariah for Vliessingen. But their clandestine departure was discovered too soon. Jan Lippersheim and Councilman Memling pursued the fugitives with some of the town's guardsmen, and before the skipper's craft could leave the port they were apprehended. Justina was brought back to the parental home, while Jansen was locked up securely in the Council House towers being confined in the highest cell, immediately under the roof.

Abel Wouters, the jailer, was a good-natured old man. "Well," said he to his prisoner, as soon as the latter had somewhat recovered from the galling discomfort, "I don't think that your case is so very desperate. You haven't committed such a dreadful crime. Only ran off with the daughter of a burgher. That, others before you have done, even men of rank. For that they won't go to hanging you. I guess they'll banish you from the town, and that'll be the end on't."

"But I want to stay in Middelburg," Zachariah replied resolutely.

"That you'll hardly prevail with. The honorable Council won't take any jesting!"

The young man relapsed into a sombre silence.

After a while the old man spoke.

"I have been told that you understand quite well how to grind spectacles. Perhaps you could help me to a good pair, for up to now I have never yet been able to get one to suit me."

"Very well, I'll get you a good pair of spectacles," Zachariah answered. "I should be only too glad to be allowed to

do some work here, so as to forget my sorrows. But you'll have to procure for me what I need. I am pretty sure the master who employed me, when Lippersheim had discharged me, will readily send me all I need. Fetch me something to write with, and I'll make out a note for what I want."

The jailer at once complied, and the very next day he brought the prisoner glass sheets, polishing tools, wheels, etc., everything needful for the grinding and polishing of spectacles.

The first thing Zachariah did was to make a good pair of spectacles for the old man. He tried it on and found it excellent.

"Indeed!" he exclaimed, "you are the best grinder of spectacles in all Holland."

"Wouters," asked the young man, "do you know anything new from the town, from Lippersheim and my dear Justina?"

"Sure enough, I do. Come and look out of your barred window."

"Well!"

"Do you see in the distance a grey church spire and a few hamlets?"

"I do."

"That's the village of St. Lawrence. Your sweetheart is there now."

"How is that?"

"The story of that elopement of yours caused a deal of noise and talk in the town after all. So they took Jouffrouw Justina out there to stay with some kinsfolks of her mother's. If I hear of any more news, I'll let you know." And the old man descended.

The young man was long gazing out toward the far away village of St. Lawrence, straining his eyes to the utmost. But the distance was too great, he was unable to discern any living being.

All of a sudden the idea struck him, to look through a ground glass. Indeed, now he saw the moss-grown grey church much more distinctly. He took a second glass, to intensify the effect. As chance would have it, the second lense was concave. Thus he was experimenting with a convex and a concave lense, which he was holding at some distance from each

other. Then he perceived to his joyous surprise that the village church appeared all at once as being brought much nearer to the reach of his vision. He was even able to see around the hamlets some living creatures, cattle on the meadows and peasants working in the fields; still he could not distinguish those objects very clearly.

Meanwhile, he had become somewhat fatigued or inconvenienced by holding the two lenses apart so long. A felicitous thought came to him. He had pasteboard and wire. Out of the former material he made a tube, which he made strong with wire and then fastened the two lenses at the ends.

The first telescope had been invented!*

Through this he now looked over the red tile roofs of the quaint houses of the town, beyond the walls, across the low level field. Now he could clearly distinguish those distant figures. Lo! there was a girl with a white kerchief standing in front of a farm gate. Indeed! it was his Justina! What a consolation for Zachariah in the thought that henceforth he might be able at least to see his fair love every day, though she could not be aware of it!

Toward night a violent storm broke out, one of those that so frequently work destruction and desolation on the coasts of the North Sea. It was the time of the full moon, and a tremendous tide came roaring against the shores.

Middelburg is the capital of the Island Walcheren, which forms the extreme land in the delta of the Schelde River. The fertile fields and the luxuriant meadows lie most below the level of the sea, and are protected against the treacherous element by heavy dykes. Although as early as the seventeenth century, the Dutch had attained to great efficiency in the building of dykes and manipulating of sluices, breaks and inundations of greater or less destructiveness would occur at times.

About the middle of the night, Zachariah was aroused from the not altogether pleasant slumbers of his captivity by the

* Historical fact. Compare the note to chapter I.

booming of cannon and the alarm of the tocsin.

He heard the howling of the storm, even the strong masonry of the stalwart tower betraying a slight tremor at times, as from an earthquake.

He was not long at a loss as to the cause of all the tumult. It was not a visitation by fire that was threatening, but one of water. The dykes had yielded, the water was rushing over the broad acres in torrents and inundating the low regions of the island.

How would his beloved Justina fare in such a night of terror? The village of St. Lawrence, situated at the lowest depression of soil, was evidently the most exposed part of the neighborhood.

In unspeakable dread and anxiety the young man awaited the break of day. When, at last, the early morning dawned, he looked with his spyglass over towards the village. No longer could he see either gardens, meadows, or fields, only a wave-lashed, water-waste, from which even the house, in front of which he had seen his darling Justina yesterday, had disappeared. The storm tide had engulfed it.

The jailer came in.

"Let me out!" Zachariah exclaimed, quite beside himself in his agony. "I am afraid that my Justina has perished in this terrible night, and I must find out for certain!"

Abel Woulters replied, "You stay quietly here! I cannot let you out, that's against my instruction. Moreover, you are in perfect safety up here. The flood won't reach this high, I reckon. In the streets of Middelburg it's over a yard high, and nearly the whole island is flooded."

With this by no means comforting information, the jailer departed, leaving his prisoner in a condition of almost complete despair.

CHAPTER IV.

THE INVENTOR.

How ardently he again seized his new double glass to scan the wide waste of water to the distant horizon where ocean and land had melted, as it were, in one dreary deluge. He clung to the church

spire, as to the last anchor of hope amid the all-devastating inundation.

The sun rose high in the cloud-tossed sky. By degrees the storm grew fainter and feebler, and came only at increasing intervals. The worst seemed to be over.

There—what joy! On the platform of the spire of the village church of St. Lawrence, he distinguished several persons—women and girls—among them his Justina. Then she was saved!

This restored his native calm. He was quite gay when Abel reappeared after some time, during which Zachariah had not for an instant allowed his tube to swerve from its lovely aim.

"I've something new to tell you," the old man said deliberately.

"Out with it, dad!" the youth exclaimed.

"Ho, ho! you seem to be quite merry."

"Why shouldn't I? I know now that my Justina is safe."

"So! How can you know that? Master Lippersheim and Frau Gertrude are just now up here on this old tower, to have a look over to the village of St. Lawrence. They are both very sorrowful, they believe that their daughter is drowned, as the house, where she has been living, was washed away by the flood."

"Now, there; see me, believe that," and Zachariah handed Walters his far-seeing tube.

The latter taking at first an almost suspicious peep through it, was not long to give vent to his amazement at seeing the truth of his prisoner's assertion, thanks to the wonderful power of the lenses. "Wonders!" he cried, "Can one believe it? 'T would be the veritablest witchcraft. Still I'll go and report so."

He left, but returned in ten minutes.

"You are to come with me right away," he said. "His honor, the worshipful Burgomaster, allows it."

"Is the Burgomaster up here too?"

"He is; just came up with our illustrious Stattholder, the Prince of Orange, who happens to find himself in Middleburg at this crisis. They want to inspect the awful destruction and wreck from the tower. They had just been talking with

Lippersheim, and overheard me, as I was telling them of your strange story and the instrument. This made Prince Moritz quite inquisitive. Now you know all. If you have been up to some foolishness, it will fare ill with you."

"Hooray!" cried Zachariah. "Now all is well, I reckon. The Prince appoints me his court optician, and then I'll marry my Justina."

"Well, well, I hope there's no witchcraft about it," Abel Wouters grumbled in ascending to the very topmost room of the lofty structure where the bells were hanging, which had tolled so many, and such different messages to the burghers below. Jan Lippersheim and Frau Gertrude were standing, in silent despair, by one of the openings, whence they saw a waste of unsympathetic tide in slow reflex.

By another opening were standing the Burgomaster of Middleburg and the Governor of the United Provinces.

Prince Moritz of Orange, the eminent statesman and general, at this time forty-two years of age, was a serious man of deep scientific training, as he had proven by several valuable works on mathematics and tactics, the fruits of his leisure hours. He was just speaking to the local magistrate:

"I have always contended that the new dyke at West Kapell had not been built strong enough. Now all the people of Walcheren are making the bitter experience, at their own heavy expense, how correct I was."

Zachariah stepped up to his whilom master's spouse. "Do not grieve, any longer," he said, "Justina is saved."

"But how could you find it out?" the anxious mother asked, half doubting, half hopeful, while Lippersheim was glowering at the young man he now so fiercely hated, since his love crossed his own ambition.

"Look through this tube over to the parish church of St. Lawrence. Up, on the platform, is your daughter."

She looked through the instrument, which the fortunate inventor had placed in position for her, and gave one exultant shout of joy.

"Yes! yes! Oh, how wonderful! I see our Justina—she lives—she moves."

"How's that? what do you say?" Jan Lippersheim murmured, still with the skepticism of personal aversion.

"Well, then see for yourself, master," said Zachariah. "Look through this tube. This important invention, it's I who just now made, and if you're willing, we can utilize it together. Indeed, if you still refuse to give me your Justina, you must be the most obstinate and stubborn man in Middleburg."

The master glass-grinder looked through his ex-journeyman's contrivance, and at once espied his daughter on her post of safety.

"Zachariah," said he, almost beside himself with excitement, "this is a most remarkable invention. All discord between us be forgotten henceforth and forever! Councilman Memling may go and hunt for a wife elsewhere. You shall have Justina, for your inventive genius renders you worthy of becoming a son-in-law of Jan Lippersheim."

"Then I've nothing left to wish for," joyously exclaimed the proud boy.

"And I," Frau Gertrude whispered to herself with motherly emotions; "I praise kind Providence for so having shaped the outcome for my dear child. How happy she will be, when she learns of all this!"

At this juncture the Prince of Orange advanced to the now harmonious and happy group with the Burgomaster.

"Well, master, what strange instrument may this be?" he asked affably.

"It's a glass to see far off with, your excellence, invented by my former journeyman and future partner. I ask you humbly to take a look through it."

"And you had us lock such a man up!" the Burgomaster said, shaking his wise head with a slight gesture of official displeasure. "But, then, he was about to steal your daughter."

"Your honor, we've just made up. He shall have my Justina. I ask for his instant release."

"Be it so! You are free, Zachariah Jansen."

"I thank you, your honor," and the

young inventor, no longer either prisoner or journeyman, but a lover more than ever, bowed his thanks to the magistrate with some of that grace that had helped him to win Justina's favor.

Meanwhile, Prince Moritz had examined the strange instrument, by which Love had been destined to sharpen the eye of Science.

"This is an ingenious, a grand invention," said he, "which will bring its author lasting fame. For navigators, generals and astronomers, such glasses will henceforth be of incalculable value. The great Tycho de Brahe died eight years ago. Had he known of this wonderful invention, he would have searched the secrets of the heavens with ever so much more success. Zachariah Jansen," the great man continued with an added dignity of his high official standing; "you are entitled to a national reward. I shall recommend you for such a one to the General States. For the first, I give you

an order for five hundred of such instruments, for the officers of the army and navy. This invention will render you not only famous, but also wealthy."

Zachariah expressed to his Serene Highness his most respectful acknowledgments of gratitude, and left the tower in triumphant glee, with Jan Lippersheim and his worthy consort.

* * * * *

The great flood subsided. Justina returned to Middelburg, and became the happy wife of the happy Zachariah.

Lippersheim and Jansen exploited the momentous invention to great advantage, amassing considerable wealth by the manufacture and sale of these instruments, which opened a new era in science and trade.

To this very day Zachariah's rude first telescope is carefully preserved, and proudly exhibited, in the Council House of Middelburg, on the Island of Walcheren, Holland.

CHURCH EMIGRATION.

XII.

DETAILED EMIGRATION ACCOUNT,
1849, 1850.—CONTINUED.

FORTY-THIRD COMPANY.—*James Pennell*, 236 Saints. The ship *James Pennell* sailed from Liverpool for New Orleans on the morning of September 2nd, 1849, carrying two hundred and thirty-six souls of Latter-day Saints, under the presidency of Thomas H. Clark, who in a letter dated New Orleans, October 22, 1849, gives the following account of the voyage:

"Brother Barlow and Brother Alrin were chosen as my two counselors. I ordained Brother Alrin to the office of an Elder, and then formed the company into ten divisions, with a president over each, to see that cleanliness and good order were kept, and also prayers every night and morning, We had preaching and administered the Sacrament every Sabbath, and also preaching Tuesdays and Thursdays. The officers also stood to their post, as men of God, so that all was peace and harmony during the time.

There has been but very little sickness on board. We lost three children, who were weaned just before they were brought on board; all the rest of the babes have done well. * * * Captain Fullerton * * * has been very kind to us; he has granted us every privilege which he possibly could, and made us many presents; his officers and crew were all very kind to us. * * * The ship is a good sailing vessel; we were just seven weeks crossing, and our passage was more like a pleasure trip than a sea voyage."

The company arrived in New Orleans on the twenty-second of October, where the emigrants were received by Elder Thomas McKenzie, who had succeeded Elder Scovil as Church Emigration Agent at New Orleans; he rented a number of houses for some of the emigrants who stopped temporarily in that city; the majority of the Saints continued the journey up the river. (*Millennial Star*, Vol. XI, pages 284, 363.)

FORTY-FOURTH COMPANY.—*Berlin*,

253 souls. The ship *Berlin* sailed from Liverpool for New Orleans with two hundred and fifty-three Latter-day Saints on board, September 5th, 1849, under the presidency of James G. Brown. (*Millennial Star*, Vol. XI, page 363.)

The company had a tedious voyage, during which the passengers suffered much from cholera, and forty-three deaths occurred on board, of whom thirteen adults and fifteen children belonged to the Saints. The other deaths were among passengers and apostates of which there were a number on board.

Following is a complete list of the twenty-eight Saints who died on the voyage together with the date of their demise:

- September 13th, Ellen Stoddart, aged 27.
- September 16th, Eliza Hopkins, aged 23 and two children.
- September 17th, Wm. Smith, aged 50.
- September 18th, Wm. Brindley, aged 46, from London.
- September 18th, Patience Smith, aged 2 years.
- September 22d, John Mason, aged 63, from Staffordshire.
- September 22d, Wm. Harrison Birch, aged 2 years.
- September 23rd, Agnes Smith, aged 10 months.
- September 23rd, Martha Stoddart, aged 9 months.
- September 23rd, Mary Ann Wilson, aged 18 months.
- September 24th, Ellen Fife, aged 5 years.
- September 24th, Wm. Farnsworth, aged 18 months.
- September 25th, Thomas Warburton, aged 53, from Crewe.
- September 25th William Fielder, aged 21, from Sheerness.
- September 26th, John Fletcher, aged 26, from Chesterfield.
- September 26th, Charles Timmings, aged 22, from West Bromwich.
- September 27th, Sarah Ann West, aged 2 years.
- September 27th, Ann Farnsworth, aged 42, from Leeds.
- September 28th, Richard Lester, aged 25, from Leicester.
- September 29th, John Buckley, aged 28, from Derbyshire.
- September 29th, James Dawson, aged 28, from Oldham.
- September 30th, James Corr, aged 9 months.
- October 4th, F. J. Bradshaw, aged 6 years.
- October 5th, Mary Bradshaw, aged 8 years.

October 6th, Ann Whale, aged 12 months.

October 6th, Agnes Bradshaw, aged 5 years.

This was the greatest loss of life that up to that time had been experienced among the Saints wending their way to Zion, since the emigration from Europe commenced in 1840. As some of those who died had no relatives on board, their property was left with Elder McKenzie, the Church agent, at New Orleans, subject to orders from their relatives in England. Their bedding and other goods that was thought affected with cholera were thrown over-board.

The Saints were well pleased with Brother Brown as their presiding officer, but were highly dissatisfied with Captain Smith's conduct toward them. (*Millennial Star*, Vol. XI, page 363.)

On the twenty-second of October, 1849, on the same day that the *James Pennell* reached port, the *Berlin* arrived at New Orleans, with that part of the company who had escaped a watery grave.

The largest portion of the Saints emigrating in the *Berlin* was sent up the Mississippi River by the Church Agent, Thomas McKenzie, but some stopped at New Orleans, where they found employment for the winter. (*Millennial Star*, Vol. XI, page 284, 363; Vol. XII, page 14.)

FORTY-FIFTH COMPANY.—*Zetland*, 250 souls. It was the intention of Apostle Orson Pratt to have chartered a ship to sail about the twentieth of September, 1849, but he was unable to find one that was suitable, until he had succeeded in chartering the large, new and splendid ship *Zetland*, which had already brought over one company of Saints before. The fare, including the necessary provisions, was £3 7s. 6d. for adults; for children under fourteen years, £2 10s; infants under twelve months, free.

The *Zetland* sailed from Liverpool, November 10th, 1849, with about two hundred and fifty Saints on board, under the presidency of Elder Samuel H. Hawkins, and arrived at New Orleans, December 24th, 1849, all the emigrants enjoying good health and spirits; they were received by the Church Agent, Elder Thomas McKenzie, who arranged

transportation with a number of the emigrant to St. Louis, while others tried to get employment in New Orleans, in order to earn means wherewith to continue the journey. At that time, however, business was very dull in New Orleans, and thousands of able-bodied men were walking about in idleness. The weather was also very warm and sickly.

That part of the company which continued the journey up the river, arrived at St. Louis, Missouri, January 11th, 1850. *Millennial Star*, Vol. XI, pages 315, 361; Vol. XII, pages 43, 75.)

FORTY-SIXTH COMPANY.—*Argo*, 402 souls. January 10, 1850, the ship *Argo* sailed from Liverpool with a company of four hundred and two Saints, under the presidency of Jeter Clinton, an American Elder, who returned home from a mission to Great Britain. After a prosperous voyage, the company arrived in New Orleans, March 8, 1850. Sister Jackson, one of the emigrants who now resides at American Fork, Utah County, Utah, relates that on one occasion during the voyage, when the *Argo* was nearing the shores of Cuba, in a pitch dark night, the captain expressed fears that the ship might be wrecked, as he knew that land was near. Suddenly a heavenly light, which for a few seconds illuminated the surroundings, revealed to the captain the fact that a large rock rose boldly out of the ocean, right in front of the ship, only a short distance away. With considerable presence of mind, and quick as thought, the captain gave orders to change the course of the vessel, and thus escaped what might have proven a terrible disaster a few minutes later.

FORTY-SEVENTH COMPANY.—*Josiah Bradlee*, 263 souls. The second company of Saints that left the shores of England bound for the Rocky Mountains in 1850, consisted of two hundred and sixty-three souls, who sailed from Liverpool, February 18th, under the presidency of Elder Thomas Day. After a fine and pleasant passage of eight weeks and four days, the company arrived in New Orleans on the eighteenth of April.

"During the voyage," writes Elder Day to the editor of the *Millennial Star*,

"union prevailed in our midst, as much as we could expect, considering our condition. The cooking seemed to try our patience most, but according to the manner in which our company was organized, accompanied with the diligence of the presidents of each section, order and peace prevailed, and the whole company could have tea and be on deck by six o'clock, when the songs of Zion were sung more or less, which caused cheerfulness to beam on every countenance. Thus were our evenings generally passed until the signal was given for prayers, which were attended to by the presidents of each section at eight o'clock in the morning, and at the same hour in the evening, after which preparations were made for rest. Our watch then took their stand at the different hatchways, so that none were admitted from deck to disturb our repose, and in a very short time silence was only broken by the breeze passing through our rigging, or the lonely foot of the sailor pacing the deck. We had preaching twice a week and a church meeting every Sabbath, generally on deck, which was well attended by all on board, as the labors of the sailors were generally suspended during our services. We were in duty bound to express our feelings regarding Captain Mansfield. His conduct towards us has truly been praiseworthy, as he has given us considerably more privileges than we could have expected. He was much interested in the welfare of all on board, and was always ready to administer to those who were sick; and as a proof of our esteem towards him, we presented him with a memorial which represented the feelings of the whole company.

"Our records, during our voyage, contain five deaths, one birth and two marriages, as follows; Married, February 24th, 1850, Louis John Davies, of Glamorganshire, to Sarah Roger, of Pembrokehire, Wales; March 10th, 1850, John Carver to Mary Eames, both of Herefordshire, England. Deaths: February 28th, 1850, Jonathan, son of George and Ellen Matthews, aged ten months, from the London Conference; March 27th Ann, daughter of Hannah Hughes, aged

ten months, from Wales; and (same day) Rachael, daughter of David and Mary Riggall, of Gosberton, aged fourteen months, not in the Church; March 30th, John, son of George and Elizabeth Hay, aged fourteen years, from Cheshire, England; April 15th, Damina, daughter of Robert and Rebecca Smith, aged ten years, from Lincolnshire, England. Birth: April 2nd, 1850, the wife of Robert Norris, from Manchester, gave birth to a daughter.

"The general health and spirits of our company are truly flattering; joy and cheerfulness mark the satisfaction of all, as they open their eyes upon that land which they have longed to see. We are about to prepare, under the guidance of Elder McKenzie, to go up the river. (*Millennial Star*, Vol. XII, pages 75, 185, 189.)

FORTY-EIGHTH COMPANY.—*Hartley*, 109 souls. The ship *Hartley*, carrying one hundred and nine souls of Latter-day Saints, bound for the Valley, sailed from Liverpool, March 2d, 1850, under the presidency of Elder David Cook. This closed the emigration from Great Britain until the following September. After a passage of fifty-nine days the company arrived in New Orleans May 2d, 1850, the emigrants generally enjoying good health. During the voyage there was but a very little sickness, but the Saints were much annoyed by the Irish passengers, and the conduct of Captain Morrell was shameful, as he did all in his power to make their situation as miserable as possible; and when they were holding their meetings, he took particular pains to annoy them. But while he acted as a demon to the rest of the company, he was exceedingly kind and attentive to two or three of the females, whom he on different occasions invited into his cabin. These, however, were not members of the Church. Otherwise the voyage was a pleasant one, and the weather was fine and agreeable, so much so that not one of the ship's sails was ever reefed from the day the vessel sailed from Liverpool until its arrival in New Orleans. Only a very few of the passengers suffered from sea-sickness; no births or marriages oc-

curred during the voyage, but one child died coming up the river on the first of May, and was buried in New Orleans.

At New Orleans the company was met by Church Emigration Agent, Thomas McKenzie, who accompanied the Saints up to St. Louis, Missouri, where they arrived about the middle of May. From thence a part, or all, of the emigrants continued the journey to the Bluffs.—(*Millennial Star*, Vol. XII, pages 89, 216, 217, 252, 300.)

A large number of the Saints who emigrated from England in the latter part of 1849 and the beginning of 1850, crossed the plains and mountains with the general Church emigration, which was fitted out at Council Bluffs in the summer of 1850. In the beginning of June of that year three hundred and fifty wagons were organized into companies and started for the Valley. Captain Milo Andrus went ahead with fifty wagons, which left the Missouri River on the third of June. At Fort Laramie, where this train was encamped on the nineteenth of July, the company consisted of fifty-one wagons, two hundred and six persons, nine horses, six mules, one hundred and eighty-four oxen, one hundred and twenty-two cows, forty-six sheep, six yearlings, nineteen dogs, one pig, and two ducks. Captain Andrus' company was followed by Captain Benjamin Hawkins, with one hundred wagons; he had two assistants (one of them Thomas S. Jefferson), who acted as captains of fifties, or of what was called the first and second divisions. Next in succession was Aaron Johnson, with a train of one hundred and thirty-five wagons, and with Elisha Everett as captain of the first and Matthew Caldwell, captain of the second division. About twenty emigrants died in Johnson's train on the overland journey. After this company came Captain James Pace with one hundred wagons, and under him Richard Session acted as captain of the first, and David Bennett captain of the second division. Other companies followed soon afterwards—one under the leadership of Edward Hunter, and another in charge of Joseph Young.

The emigrants were generally well fitted out with wagons and teams, as well as provisions and the necessary camping equipage. Some of the wagons procured that season, however, proved too heavy, and lighter vehicles that would bear from sixteen to twenty hundred pounds, were recommended as the most suitable for future service. It was estimated that between seven and eight hundred wagons carrying passengers to the Valley, as well as two new carding machines, and other machinery crossed the plains that year. They also took along about four thousand sheep and five thousand head of cattle, horses and mules.

Besides the Church emigration, a very large company of gold-diggers and emigrants destined for California and Oregon crossed the plains in 1850. Thus up to June, 1850, sixteen thousand nine hundred and fifteen men, two hundred and thirty-five women, two hundred and forty-two children, four thousand six hundred and seventy-two wagons, fourteen thousand nine hundred and seventy-four horses, four thousand six hundred and forty-one mules, seven thousand four

hundred and seventy-five oxen, one thousand six hundred and fifty-three cows, etc., had passed Fort Laramie, bound for the west, and this was only a beginning of what followed later in the season.

A great number of people died with the cholera in attempting to cross the plains in 1850; among them many of the Saints. In order to invoke the blessings of the Lord upon the latter, and stay the hand of the destroyer, Sunday, July 14th, 1850, was observed as a day of fasting and prayer by all of the branches of the Church in the Pottawattamie country. It was reported at Kansasville that sixty of the Saints, en route for the Valley, died between the Missouri River and Fort Kearney, principally of cholera. As the weather got cooler and the emigrants neared the mountains, the sickness abated and all the companies arrived safe and well in Salt Lake City. (*Millennial Star*, Vol. XII, pages 252, 300; *Frontier Guardian*, of July 10th, August 21st, September 4th, October 2nd, 1851, January 8th, 1851.)

Andrew Jensen.

ALMINA.

BY NEPHI ANDERSON.

CHAPTER VIII. OVER.

WHEN once the conscience is stifled, how easy it is to convert ourselves to the belief that a particular course of conduct is right; no matter if it is as plain as day to other people that it is wrong.

Almina Brown was now of the opinion that she was doing no wrong in encouraging Mr. Garnett's attentions towards her. "He is so good, so noble and so gentlemanly, that it will be an easy matter to convert him to the truth after a time," she had said to her mother.

She did not hear the comments of her friends that Mr. Garnett acted very strangely in coming to a girl for information regarding the Gospel. Why did he

not go to the proper authorities, if he was so eager to know the truth?

Mr. Victor Garnett did not care for the Gospel. Not he. He cared for Almina Brown, and he meant to have her; yes, make her his wife. He had made up his mind to that effect, and when he once set his mind to a purpose he generally succeeded. Mr. Garnett did not bother his conscience whether his plans were right or wrong, consequently his conscience did not disturb him in the execution of them. He saw that Almina Brown was a jewel—a pearl above price. Why should he not obtain it as well as any other person? Such a prize was worth the winning. What did he know, or care for that matter, about religious scruples? Miss Brown exerted a fascina-

tion over him by her open, simple manner. She was not dull. She possessed a peculiar beauty of form and face which he admired. If he could but gain her esteem, then her love, he would make her his wife. He would do it at all hazards.

Mr. Garnett was Almina's companion to a few parties and gatherings after that first on the Fourth of July. He went to Sunday School a few times and to night meeting, and people began to think that he was not so bad after all. He might be honest in his actions. So he was often invited to the private gatherings that Almina was wont to attend. He could make himself so agreeable, too. His bearing and his manners were perfect. The clumsy-fingered town boys "were nowhere" when he sat down to the organ or piano. His voice was well trained, and charming to listen to, as he sang all the favorite and fashionable pieces. Oh, he was a good fellow, and splendid company, more persons than Almina began to think. But there was one who did not credit his smoothness to anything but acting. Will Edwards thought he saw through his whole demeanor. Once or twice Will was thrown into Mr. Garnett's and Almina's society, but he felt ill at ease with them, and he always avoided it as much as possible.

Thus the summer days passed and Mr. Garnett saw the fruits of his planting. His reign of power did not extend over Almina only, but Sister Brown had such implicit confidence in him that she promised him a visit to his home in the city. Lately he had urged them to take a much needed out and pay him a visit. His folks would be glad to see them, he said, and he would see that they went and returned in safety. So Sister Brown promised to go with him, but just before the day appointed for the journey, the baby became suddenly ill and she could not take her out. Mr. Garnett seemed very much annoyed as the tickets had been purchased. But there was no escape. She would have to stay at home with the children, but Almina had better go, so as not to disappoint him too much. Mr. Garnett promised her that his mother

would be at the depot to meet them, and look after Almina's comfort. Almina assented, and even seemed very much pleased at the arrangement. The next day it rained. It was in the month of October. It was a cold, dark day to set out as they would have to drive four miles to the railroad; but Mr. Garnett procured a covered carriage and a driver to take them to the train.

It was all so new, so strange to Almina. She had never been far from home, and it was with a mixture of awe and pleasure that she seated herself by Mr. Garnett's side in the easy car seats and looked out upon the fleeing landscape. Down through the winding valley the train flew, here edging along the river's bank, here cutting straight through the broad, level meadows. Now the valley narrowed into a cañon, and now widened again; then the rocky frowning cliffs once more appeared and the train slackened its speed as it wound in and out and around the projecting boulders and yawning chasms. Mr. Garnett told Almina to look out at a certain point and she shuddered as she beheld the river dashing far below them, while the train slowly glided across the trembling bridge. Then out through the frowning gateway into the broad valley of the Salt Lake. The clouds were parting in the west, and the sun, taking a farewell peep through the break, shone full upon the lake and reflected its shining surface. Almina had never seen so grand a sight. It was indeed beautiful. And she gazed at it till the sun went down and darkness covered the earth, hiding the scene from her sight.

It was night when they reached the city. From the depot with its rattle and noise of trucks and hack-drivers, Almina was led into a carriage and introduced to an elderly lady by Mr. Garnett.

"Mother, this is Miss Brown, Miss Brown, Mrs. Garnett."

Almina bowed, and offered her hand which the lady shook warmly.

"I am pleased to make your acquaintance," she said. "Was so sorry your mother could not come. However, another time I hope she will be able to favor us."

"Drive on John, we'll not wait for baggage to-night," said Mr. Garnett, and the carriage rolled up the street where Almina noticed the long lines of lights which illuminated the crowded sidewalks and busy streets. A few minutes drive brought them to what looked in the darkness like a three story building of large proportions. A light hung in a wide hall. Here they entered and were soon ushered into a well furnished room where supper was waiting. Mrs. Garnett explained to the somewhat bewildered girl that they were renting rooms at present, but hoped to secure a house soon in a better part of the city. After a light repast, Almina was shown to her room, and, as it was late, the house soon became quiet. Almina was tired, but the new experiences of the day kept her awake far into the night. When, at last, she fell asleep, she did not awaken until the sun was high in the heavens next morning.

Sister Brown received daily letters from her daughter in the city. They were full of accounts of strange experiences, and the good woman took great pleasure in rehearsing them to her listening neighbors. But she said very little about them to the old bishop, who would call every few days and enquire about her and the absent girl. Perhaps that was owing to the fact that he had scolded her for allowing Almina to go; but that was not all; there was something else, she hardly knew what, that tempted her to reveal as little as possible of the grand balls, etc., to the venerable bishop: she did not receive the pleasure in having him as a listener as she did in having some others.

Almina had been away a week, and her mother received a letter in which, among other things, she said:

"Mother, don't worry about me. Mr. Garnett and his mother treat me very kindly. They are so good. And, mother, how can I help loving such people! I do believe Mr. Garnett is one of the noblest and best of men. And I—haven't you guessed it by this time?—really think a great deal of him. And I have thought, dear mother, what I should do and say if

he should ask me to be his wife. He has said nothing as yet, but sometimes I think he is about to speak. Oh, mother, what can I—should I—say?"

After reading the letter, Sister Brown put the baby, whom she was holding, upon the floor. Her hands trembled and she pressed them to her eyes and forehead, then read the letter through again, little heeding the demolishing of her work-basket by the little mischief at her feet. Here was something confronting her that she had never thought about, except in a far off, dim sort of way. Almina marry Mr. Garnett? Never! It was well enough to have him for a friend, but as a son-in-law, Almina's husband—it was not to be thought of. So, with a fearful dread she hastily wrote her to come home as soon as possible.

It was on the third day after she had posted her last letter that Sister Brown was found by the good bishop on his round, sitting by the kitchen stove, her face buried in her hands. At his entrance she looked up at him, and such a face he had seldom seen, so suddenly, deeply marked with woe. The fire was out, as if she had sat in that position for hours. The children were asleep. The house was still.

"Dear sister, what is the matter?" said the bishop, as he stood looking at her in wonder.

"What will my husband say? What can I say? I am to blame—I am to blame. O God, forgive me, help me—help *her*, she needs it."

She looked at her visitor again, then pointed at a sheet of paper lying on the floor. The bishop picked it up and scanned its pages, while the mother covered her face again, and with a swaying to and fro, murmured in tones of distress:

"Almina, Almina, my girl, my pride!"

And what did the reader see? Nothing but this when he got to it:

"Mr. Garnett and I were married to-day. Mother, if I have done anything wrong in doing so, forgive me—but, dear mother, believe me, *I had to do it, I had to.*

IX.

AFTER-THOUGHTS.

Mrs. Almira Garnett sat in her spacious plate-glass bay window looking out upon the street. It was in a fashionable part of the city, and the view from her window was pleasant enough. On either side of the street arose the substantial and, oftentimes elegant residences of the wealthiest of the city's people. The trees and lawns and paved sidewalks were covered with a heavy frost which sparkled in the sun like so many diamonds. The air was cold that January afternoon, but within the residence of Mr. Victor Garnett there were plenty of stoves and fireplaces to keep Jack Frost without. The room in which Almira sat was certainly an improvement as to its finish and furnishings upon the family sitting room in Asheville. The finest decorations adorned the walls and ceiling. The finishings were of hard wood. Soft carpets and rugs covered the floor. The furniture was of walnut and plush, and the hangings were of silks and laces. In fact, everything was of the finest in the building which, for nearly three months, had been home to Almira Garnett.

Almira, tired of the street, turned her easy-chair and picking up a book from a small table began to read, but soon she saw nothing but the words, and then the words themselves became unintelligible. Her mind was not on her book. The volume dropped to her lap and her head pressed the back of her chair. A faint clatter of dishes came from another room—then the front door opened and Almira met her husband in the doorway. He linked his arm in hers and they proceeded to the dining room for lunch.

"Lucy," said Mr. Garnett to the servant, "I'll have a little wine, please."

The bottle was brought and Mr. Garnett helped himself liberally.

"Take a glass, my dear," and he pushed bottle and glass towards his wife who refused it.

"Conscientious scruples, not gotten rid of yet, eh?"

"I don't like it, dear, really I do not."

"Get to like it as you did tomatoes and celery; but there, never mind, you'll excuse my short stay to-day as I am in a hurry." He arose and his wife helped him on with his coat.

"Will you be home early to-night?" she asked.

"No, I'll be quite late, I think." He noticed the disappointment in her face. "Why, what was it you wanted?"

"I was going to ask you to take me to meeting to-night," she answered, and she hung her head as if she had requested something improper and to be ashamed of.

"I'm sorry, but I fear I shall be too late."

"I would like to go very much. I can go alone. You won't care?"

"Certainly not. Go if you desire. Good-bye."

Almira took her position in the window again and watched her husband out of sight. Then she resumed her meditation. Almira had been married three months. Her cup of happiness was not as full as she had expected it to have been. Mr. Garnett was kind enough. It was not that. She was surrounded by an abundance which even her hopes had not pictured. Still there was something lacking, something missing from her daily life which left a space that was often filled with misery. And what a change had come over her life, now she thought of it! Mr. Garnett was an infidel. She had discovered that, and had given up the task of converting him to "Mormonism" some time since. It was the first blow to her confidence when she found that he was obstinate—in fact, he had answered her with argument which had astonished her and made her reasonings appear very small and foolish. Ever after that she had been loath to bring up again the subject of religion. How strange at first to have no prayers, no blessings! And Almira's memory went back, not very far, and brought up a girl thought of hers, which was that God's blessings should be the first thing sought after upon her married life. She saw again her picture of newly made man and wife, bow before their Heavenly

Father for his blessing. And then the Temple with its robes and endowments which she had not seen but about which she had heard so much. None of these glorious things had been hers. She had not even been to Sunday school or meeting since her marriage. What a time it seemed! Mr. Garnett and his mother had both told her that they did not attend "church," as they called it, when she had proposed going to meeting. She did not like to go alone as she was strange to the place, so she had neglected it, and it made the days all seem alike. Mr. Garnett went to his business on Sundays the same as any other day. Once in awhile he had stayed home with her on a Sunday afternoon and then he had taught her to play cards, and tried to create in her a liking for his wine-glass. Almina had no clear conception of what her husband's business consisted. He had told her that he was engaged in "investments," but what that was Almina did not know, and it bothered her considerably that it should keep him from home so much at nights and Sundays.

Shortly after the marriage, Almina's mother paid her a visit. Sister Brown, knowing that it was useless to cry over spilled milk, had made her upbraidings mildly and devoted her energies to making the best of the situation. She had an interview with her son-in-law, in which she reasoned with him with no better results than her daughter had obtained. During her stay it was a noticeable fact that Mr. Garnett did not take such an interest in her or the children as he formerly had. Mrs. Garnett, too, soon became tired of such uncongenial companionship as Sister Brown proved to be, so the mother took sorrowful leave of her daughter and went back to Asheville. Almina's heart went out to her mother. How lonely she must be; perhaps to night, she thought, she is sitting like herself thinking of what might have been and what is. Of late, there had come over her a reflection that perhaps she had done wrong in marrying Mr. Garnett. She would not have tolerated such a fancy in the beginning, but it had

assailed her again and again, and now she yielded enough to allow of reflection on the matter. Had she made a mistake? It was a terrible thought; because if she had, it was the mistake of her life and could not be remedied or undone. The church bells awoke Almina from her reverie. Twilight was falling, and she lighted a lamp and prepared for meeting.

It was dark when she set out, but the meeting house was not far. The stars shone brightly, and the wind nearly pushed her off the slippery sidewalk. But Almina did not care. She was not cold, she was hungry—hungry for something to nourish that terrible craving within. Hungry for a taste of that heavenly manna that feeds the soul. Thirsting for that water of life which keeps the soul from shriveling up into a lifeless form.

The meeting-house was well filled when she entered. Taking a back seat she became interested in observing the people around her who seemed so much like those of her acquaintance elsewhere, that she could easily have imagined herself in the old rock meeting-house at Asheville. And when the choir sang, "We thank Thee, O God, for a prophet," she could not help joining in the song.

A young man was called from the audience to address the meeting. As the speaker proceeded, Almina gazed at him with a fascinating stare. He seemed to be looking at her, and to be directing his remarks to her as she sat in the corner drinking in every word he uttered.

"Zion must be redeemed through the righteousness of the Saints," he said. "The true regeneration of the human family must come through obedience to the revealed will and wisdom of God. Elders are sent to the nations to preach the Gospel and gather the honest to Zion, that her walls may be strengthened, that her towers may not lack for watchers. How many of those who enlist prove faithful? How many prove deserters to the cause of God, and in the end fight against it? But we have another source of reinforcement to the cause of truth—a source from which God expects us to draw in [securing mighty souls for

the fighting of his battles. In the Courts of Heaven are many noble spirits who have been awaiting our day, held in reserve to come forth to the last great struggle between truth and error. They are now waiting a chance to come to us through a parentage that will give them bodies strong in the virtues of the flesh, free from the corruptions and vices which have been bred into the human family, and caused its degeneration. I say, they are there waiting, watching, and they are Zion's greatest hope for deliverance. Are the Saints preparing themselves for this great work? Are they purging themselves from the vices of the world, making their bodies pure and undefiled for bringing into the world this new race of God's sons and daughters. Are the sons of Zion getting the purest and fittest wives? Are the daughters of Zion taking none but the pure and brave of Zion's sons for their husbands? If so, then we are progressing and ere long will have a race of men and women that will revolutionize the world and bring it into subjection to truth and righteousness, and under the government of God. If not, brethren and sisters, Zion's redemption is delayed, and God will not hold those guiltless who cry:

'For the sake of peace and prosperity let us join with the world. Let our sons marry their daughters. Let our daughters marry their sons. We will be one with them.' "

Almina saw naught but the speaker, heard nothing but his words which pierced her to the heart. They were meant for her. She took them, everyone. She had heard that God inspires His servants to utter such things as will reach each particular want of His people. This was meant as a rebuke to her. The whole thing was plain to her now. There was no mistaking her error. She had sinned in her marriage to an "outsider." She knew it. The remainder of the service was lost to her. The words of condemnation rang in her ears and excluded all else; and when the people arose to go, she went out into the night with but a vague sense of where she was and what she was doing. She found her husband at home when she returned, and the look he gave her when he saw her pale face and strange manner, boded no good for future permission to go to meeting. But she sealed her night's experience in her heart, where she pondered over it alone.

(To be continued.)

ANSWER TO "A SONG."

You say you once believed me true,
Ah, dearest, why not now?
Yon smiling heaven so softly blue
Will answer to my vow.

I loved thee, dearest, love thee yet—
Oh, turn not, sad, away—
This heart could never thus forget
Its love-dream in a day.

Forgive, forget the careless glance
That filled thine heart with woe;
Thine image still shall arm my lance
To glory where I go.

For thee mine arm shall yet be strong,
My life be bright and dear,
And I shall prove my truth ere long—
Shed not one doubting tear.

The flow'r I gave too soon may die,
The scorching noon may blast,
Earth's shadows may around thee lie,
Thy soul be overcast:

Then turn again to Heaven's kind ray,
Its light will give thee peace,
But tell me never of a day
When love for thee shall cease!

My heart would strew the bonny flow'rs
Of love around thee, sweet,
To brighten e'en thy darkest hours
And make thy life complete.
And e'er my fondest wish shall be,
Where'er my lot be cast,
That I may wander home to thee
To die in peace at last.

Then let us twine a garland bright
Of flow'rs so sweet, so rare,
That e'en before the throne of light
Our God may call it fair.
Believe my heart is only thine,
As true, dear, as thine own,
For o'er thy path its love will shine—
Thine heart shall ne'er be lone!

Ruby Lamont.

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

JUNIUS F. WELLS, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, - - APRIL, 1892.

HOSANNA!

OF the many impressive features connected with the laying of the capstone of the Temple on April 6th, perhaps none so thrilled the hearts of the people who were assembled on that day as the sound of the mighty shout of Hosanna which rose from the thousands who stood about the walls, when the great headstone was swung into its place at the top of the central spire.

The signification of the word itself is an expression of praise to God, and invocation for blessings—and the utterance of it at the moment of the laying of the capstone of the great Temple, was as impressive in effect as could have been desired; especially as the sound of the word seems to carry all the majesty and holiness of its message.

Shouted with intense fervor by the great throng and followed by the solemn amens which finished the invocation, the sound was one to make a lasting and awesome impression upon the minds of all who heard it.

The event celebrated by this and other impressive ceremonies of the day is one which will be remembered with reverence by all the Latter-day Saints.

It signified the completion of an edifice commenced during the earliest years of their residence in the valley, and carried on amidst all the trials, hardships, and persecutions, which have been endured by them since their entrance into the Territory.

During the long period of its progression, the lives, homes and very existence of the people in the valley have been often threatened, and those engaged upon the work could not guess as to whether it would be completed, or if so, whether the building erected by their hands and means would continue in their possession. Yet amidst all these uncertainties,

and countless other difficulties standing in the way of its erection, the hope and faith of the people remained steadfast, and the reward of their perseverance was witnessed April 6th, in the completion of the walls of what may be justly termed one of the most beautiful and imposing religious edifices in the world.

It is not alone with thoughts of the triumph of material achievement that the hearts of the saints are filled, in contemplating this monument of their faith and endeavor. Though proper pride and satisfaction are felt in the excellence of the work, its fulfillment is regarded more as a matter for religious praise and thanksgiving than for pride in its appearance and structure.

Temple building may be said to be one of the holiest offices of the Church, since with it are inseparably connected the performance of the most important duties and ordinances enjoined by our religion.

The most sacred of these ordinances is baptism for the dead by which those who were deprived of the privilege of hearing and accepting the Gospel in this world may receive it through the ministrations of friends on earth, thereby receiving the benefits of the kingdom and of the blessings of eternal life; and it is within the walls of the temples that these sacred ordinances are performed.

Holding this idea in remembrance, it is easy to imagine with what inspired emotions the Saints view the completion of a house dedicated for that purpose.

The mind is carried beyond the present and the temporal into the eternities of past and future, and a solemn and thrilling vision is opened to its view. Myriads of immortal spirits to be redeemed! Anxious and hopeless souls to be restored from bondage to glorious freedom through ministration of the Gospel which holds the keys to eternal life!

Many as were the throngs, glad as were the hearts, and loud and rejoicing as were the shouts of those who on this earth witnessed the completion of the walls of the holy edifice, it is probable that these were as naught compared to the number, the joy, and the demonstrations of invisible hosts who also viewed from other

worlds the crowning of the walls within which such work might be accomplished as should influence their destiny forever!

If on that day the dense atmosphere of mortal sense could have been for one moment rent asunder, who shall say that with the shouts of the thousands assembled about the Temple might not have mingled the acclaim of countless hosts, joining with unimaginable rapture and thanksgiving in the invocations and amens!

"Let the dead speak forth anthems of eternal praise to the King Immanuel, who hath ordained before the world was, that which would enable us to redeem them out of their prisons; for the prisoners shall go free."

"The Question of Silver," by Louis R. Ehrich, of Colorado, is just from the press of enterprising G. P. Putnam's Sons. It contains a brief summary of legislation in the United States, together with an anti-free-silver analysis of the present situation, and of the arguments of the advocates of unlimited silver coinage. To students of this question Mr. Ehrich's papers will be of unusual interest. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"A Dictionary of the Book of Mormon," a work by Brother George Reynolds, who has made a thorough study of that great history, is just published. It will prove a great aid to all engaged in the study of Nephite and Jaredite history, containing as it does the name of every person and place mentioned in the Book of Mormon, with other subjects of interest. Joseph Hyrum Parry is the publisher and agent.

"Harmonized Melodies" is the named of a new volume of songs published by F. Trifet, 408 Washington Street, Boston, Massachusetts. It is a collection of four hundred new and old songs and ballads which have attained more than a mere passing popularity, and the vocal and instrumental parts, all complete, are given with the words; the arrangements having been made especially for the volume by Charles D. Blake,

the Boston composer. It should certainly meet the varied tastes of all musical people, as it has everything from "The tune the old cow died on" to "Leonore." It will be mailed postpaid to any address for 60 cents.

THE *Phrenological Journal* announced some interesting features for its columns during 1892, and so far the promises have been fulfilled. Sketches of character, practical phrenology, physiognomy, science of health, child culture, etc., form the leading topics of this welcome journal. Fowler & Wells Co., publishers, 775 Broadway, New York.

NEPHI'S CHARACTER.

No Latter-day Saint can read the life of Nephi, * * * without being incited to exercise greater faith, to live nearer to God and to cherish loftier aims. * * * He passed through many trials and afflictions; he was often in positions of peril: but he never yielded, never faltered, nor never shrunk from any ordeal to which he was exposed. In every relation of life he admirably performed his part. As a son, he was all his father could desire, and of this Lehi bore ample testimony before he died. As a brother he did all in his power to benefit and save his kindred. What his course was with those who followed and cast their lots with him, we can understand by reading his teachings, his labors and the love in which they held him while living and his memory when dead. He was patient, persevering, energetic and skilful; a man who was evidently born to lead. He exhibited these qualities when required to return to Jerusalem. Afterwards, in the wilderness, it seemed as though the company would all have perished had it not been for his good sense and capacity as a hunter. In building the ship, its management upon the ocean, in teaching his people to work in wood and in metals of all kinds—iron, copper, brass, steel, silver and gold—he exhibited his skill as a mechanic, a miner, a seaman, chemist and metallurgist. He manufactured swords and other weapons

of defense, he built houses, he cultivated the ground, he raised flocks and herds, he built a Temple, which, though not so costly as Solomon's, was constructed after its pattern, and the workmanship upon it was exceedingly fine; he taught his people to be skilful, industrious and how to apply their labor to the best advantage; as a statesman he organized society upon a firm and permanent basis, laid the foundation of civil and religious liberty; gave shape to the government and polity and implanted in the breasts of his people such a love for and a determination to maintain equal rights that the effects were felt, it may be said in truth, through all the generations of his race. Understanding as he did the government of the Lord, before whom there are no privileged classes, he respected the rights of the people; and while he knew there must be officers to bear responsibility and a properly organized government, he knew also that it should be based upon the consent of the people. He brought with him to this "promised land" the broadest conceptions respecting the principle of human equality and the rights of men. Some of his views we gather from his teachings. Speaking of the Lord he says: "And He invited them all to come unto Him and partake of His goodness; and He denieth none that come unto Him, black and white, bond and free, male and female; and He remembereth the heathen, and all are alike unto God, both Jew and Gentile." The

nobility in which he evidently believed was the nobility of good deeds. The perfect performance of duty would ennoble the poorest and the lowliest and make him the peer of the richest and the best born. While his people were true to his teachings, this sentiment always prevailed. They enjoyed the largest liberty consistent with the preservation of good order. Every man had the greatest freedom of belief. Theft, robbery, violence, adultery and murder were all punished under the law; but there was no law against man's belief; persecution of religion, however erroneous or false the religion might be, was expressly forbidden and was made punishable. In this way the quality and free agency of the people were preserved, and they were left at liberty to choose for themselves their faith and form of worship. So far as his influence and teachings went among the people, they were free and the country was a land of liberty unto them. * * * He has shown us how much a mortal man, who devotes himself to God and His work, can accomplish for himself and his fellow-mortals, and how near, by the exercise of faith, man can draw to God.—*Cannon's "Life of Nephi."*

Knowledge has no permanent value only so far as it insures to its possessor, a firmer reliance and a more implicit trust in the wisdom and might of his heavenly Parent.—*Talmage's "First Book of Nature."*

THE JUNE CONTEST.

As the time draws near, the interest in the coming musical contest intensifies and the preparations going on in many Wards bespeak a glorious success for both competitions. Brother Stephens desires to name the following pieces to complete the numbers, these not having been announced in the program published in February:

Cornet solo: "Robin Adair," from "Pleasant Hours." Price of book, 75 cts.
Clarinet solo: "In Happy Moments,"

from "Evenings with the Operas." Price of book, 75 cents.

Piano solo: "The Dying Poet," by Gottschalk.

All of these books can be had of Coalter & Snelgrove, Salt Lake City.

The full program is now as follows:

VOCAL.

- I—Grand Prize, Male Chorus, "Comrades in Arms," (furnished by CONTRIBUTOR,) \$250.00
United clubs, members of one Stake.
Not over 100, nor under 50 voices.

- 2—Male Chorus, "The dawn of Day," (CONTRIBUTOR,) \$100.00
Not over 25 nor under 15 voices.
Members of one Ward or one Association.
- 3—Tenor Solo and Chorus, "The Linden Tree." Nine voices. (January CONTRIBUTOR,) 75.00
(Chorus, \$50.00; soloist, \$25.00.)
Members of one Ward.
- 4—Male Quartette, "The Blossoms Close at Eve," (CONTRIBUTOR,) 40.00
- 5—Trio, "Von Towering Peaks," (CONTRIBUTOR,) 30.00
- 6—Solo, Tenor, "Sleep Well, Sweet Angel," key E flat, . . . (Franz Abt,) 15.00
Second Prize, 10.00
- 7—Bass or Baritone Solo, "The Storm Fiend," key C, (Roedel,) 15.00
Second Prize, 10.00
- 8—"The Old Guard," key E flat (Rodney.) 15.00
Second Prize, 10.00
(No. 8 to be contested for by young men under 21 years of age.)

INSTRUMENTAL.

- 1—Grand Prize. "Hallelujah Chorus," arranged for Brass and Reed Bands, \$250.00
United Bands, members of one Stake. Not to number over 50 instruments, nor under 30.
- 2—Best Band. Members of one Ward. Selection of their own choice, . . . 100.00
- 3—Cornet Solo. "Robin Adair," with piano accompaniment, 15.00
Second Prize, 5.00
- 4—Clarionet Solo, "In Happy Moments," with piano accompaniment, 15.00
Second Prize, 5.00
- 5—Piano Solo, "The Dying Poet," . . . 15.00
Second Prize, 5.00
- 6—Cabinet Organ Solo, "Fantasia," Whitney's method, 15.00
Second Prize, 5.00
- 7—"Hallelujah Chorus," by combined bands.

The general points of excellence in the contest, from which the adjudicators will award prizes, are as follows:

INSTRUMENTAL CONTEST.

- 1—Stake Bands.—Quality of tone; blending and balancing of parts; accuracy in tune and time; power; expression (shading) suitable to best interpretation of piece; tempo.
- 2—Ward Bands.—Same as No. 1.
- 3—Cornet Solo.—Purity of tone; phrasing; expression.
- 4—Clarionet Solo.—Same as No. 3.

- 5—Piano Solo.—Touch; phrasing; accuracy in time and tune; tempo; expression.
- 6—Organ Solo.—Same as No. 5, adapted to organ.

VOCAL CONTEST.

- 1—Stake Chorus.—Quality of tone; harmonizing and balancing of parts; accuracy in tune and time (meaning to sing correctly as the printed notes call for); tempo; general expression suitable to best interpretation of the piece—the conductor to be guided, first, by the marks of expression and directions printed with the music, and, secondly, by his own artistic sense of truthful expression; the judges to be guided by the same in their decisions; power; enunciation.
- 2—Ward Chorus.—Same as No. 1.
- 3—Same as No. 1; provided, this must be considered in the light of a solo with accompaniment; more liberty being given in time to the soloist, and the chorus considered as the best accompaniment in due subjection to the solo. The best harmonizing of the two should have the prize, and not the best soloist or chorus separately considered.
- 4—Same as No. 1. *Power* excepted.
- 5—Same as No. 4.
- 6—Tenor Solo.—Quality of tone; pitch; expression, or giving character to the piece; accuracy to tune and time; phrasing; enunciation.
- 7—Bass Solo.—Expression (giving character to the various phases of the piece); pitch; accuracy in tune and time and dramatic expression.
- 8—Same as No. 7.

Contestants can have their own accompanist if they prefer, but Professor J. J. Daynes will be engaged as regular accompanist.

The choruses competing will be expected to furnish selections at the meetings of the M. I. Conference, Sunday and Monday, June 5th and 6th; the bands doing the same on Saturday. All competing bands must meet at the Assembly Hall at twelve o'clock, Saturday, to form into a grand procession, playing, "Hail

"ALL HAIL THIS GLORIOUS DAY."

Columbia," as they parade Main Street. Copies of the piece will be sent to competitors on application.

It is desired that each conductor send names of any selections which he can conveniently render at the M. I. Conference to Director Evan Stephens, not later than May 15th, when he will arrange the whole into the musical exercises for the Conference.

The contest in instrumental work will take place on Saturday night, June 4th,

and the vocal contest, Monday night, June 6th, both in the Tabernacle, commencing at 8 o'clock.

An admission fee of twenty-five cents will be charged for each contest meeting to defray expenses and aid in other contests.

Three capable and impartial adjudicators will be selected (their names to appear in the May number), and the whole will be in charge of Prof. E. Stephens, as manager and director.

"ALL HAIL THIS GLORIOUS DAY."

TEMPLE ODE—FOR MALE VOICES.

As sung by the Union Glee Club at the laying of the Capstone of the Salt Lake City Temple, April 6th, 1892.

WORDS BY H. W. NAISBITT.

MUSIC BY C. J. THOMAS.

Boldly.

1st. Tenor. *f* All hail this glorious day, This grand auspicious

2nd Tenor.

1st Bass. *f* All hail this glorious day, This grand auspicious

2nd Bass.

day, The signs fortell the Lord the King,* The vales re - sound, the

day, The signs fortell the Lord the King,* The vales re - sound, the

* Original line—"The Capstone on the Temple bring."

moun - tains ring with

moun - tains ring, The vales resound the moun - tains ring, With

moun - tains ring, The vales re - sound the mountains ring, With

Detailed description: This system contains the first two lines of music. The top line is a vocal melody starting with a dotted quarter note on 'moun - tains ring', followed by a half note on 'The', a quarter note on 'vales', a quarter note on 're - sound', a quarter note on 'the', a quarter note on 'moun - tains', and a quarter note on 'ring, With'. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: the right hand plays a simple harmonic accompaniment, and the left hand plays a bass line with a steady eighth-note pattern.

gladsome peal u - nit - ed sing of truth's still wid'ning way; With

gladsome peal u - nit - ed sing of truth's still wid'ning way; With

Detailed description: This system contains the third and fourth lines of music. The vocal melody continues with a quarter note on 'gladsome', a quarter note on 'peal', a quarter note on 'u - nit - ed', a quarter note on 'sing', a quarter note on 'of', a quarter note on 'truth's', a quarter note on 'still', a quarter note on 'wid'ning', a quarter note on 'way;', and a quarter note on 'With'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same harmonic and bass line patterns as the first system.

gladsome peal u - nit - ed sing, Of truth's still wid'ning way. The

gladsome peal u - nit - ed sing, Of truth's still wid'ning way. The

Detailed description: This system contains the fifth and sixth lines of music. The vocal melody concludes with a quarter note on 'gladsome', a quarter note on 'peal', a quarter note on 'u - nit - ed', a quarter note on 'sing,', a quarter note on 'Of', a quarter note on 'truth's', a quarter note on 'still', a quarter note on 'wid'ning', a quarter note on 'way.', and a quarter note on 'The'. The piano accompaniment concludes with the same harmonic and bass line patterns.

Accelerando

time is near at hand, When Christ shall come and claim His own.

Accelerando

time is near at hand, When Christ shall come and claim His own.

Andante

p
And mid His Saints e-rect that throne, Which on the

Andante

p
Which on the

cres.

cres.
earth, which on the earth must stand. And mid His

cres.
earth, which on the earth must stand. And mid His

Saints e - rect that throne, which on the earth must stand.

Saints e - rect that throne, which on the earth must stand.

Allegretto

f
All hail, All hail, All hail that glorious day, The

All hail, All hail,

Allegretto f

All hail, All hail, All hail that glorious day, The

shadows melt a - way, The skies are bright soon truth and right, Will come to earth] [from

shadows melt a - way, The skies are bright soon truth and right, Will come to earth] [from

Zion's light, The skies are bright soon truth and right, will come to earth from

Zion's light, The skies are bright soon truth and right, will come to earth from

Rall. Zion's light and man re - deemed at last shall shine, *D. C.*

Rall. Zion's light and man re - deemed at last shall shine, *D. C.*

Andante In Father's image all divine, *Rall.* In Father's image all divine.

Andante In Father's image all divine, *Rall.* In Father's image all divine.

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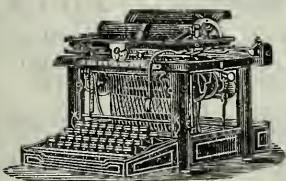
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— VOLUME XIII. —



AT the conclusion of the Twelfth Volume of THE CONTRIBUTOR (which is now bound and ready for delivery), its publishers extend thanks to the people for their extensive patronage, and take pleasure in announcing some of the new features to be introduced in early numbers and to be followed as rapidly as possible by others, which will not only maintain for the magazine its enviable reputation as the leading magazine of home literature, but secure for it a prominent place among the enterprising first-class literary magazines of the country.

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Missionary Life and Experiences will be treated by representative Elders in Scandinavia, England and the Southern States.

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policies of the Republican and Democratic Parties, and be of great practical assistance to young men in forming political opinions and party connections.

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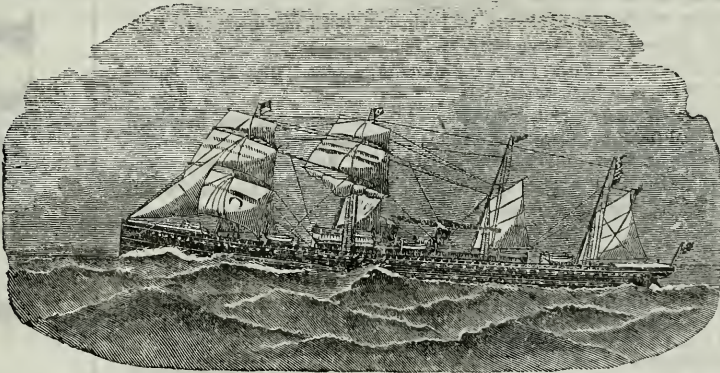
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